

# The Sketch

No. 816.—Vol. LXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1908.

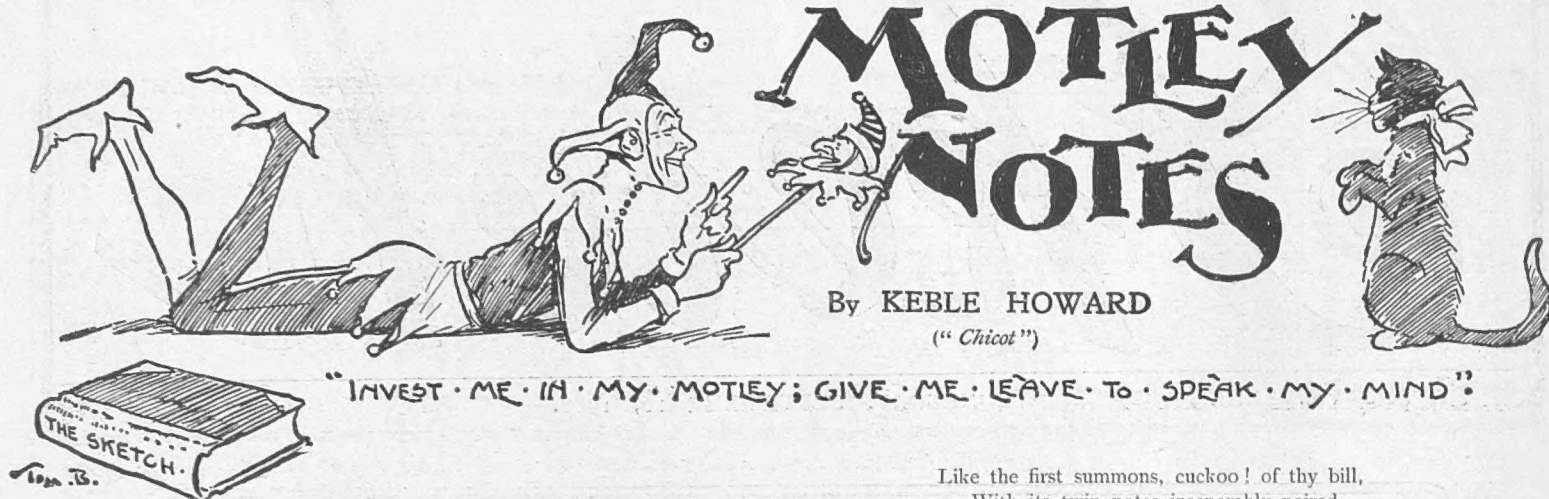
SIXPENCE.



REALLY CELEBRATED AT LAST! MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN WAX, AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

*Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Topical.*





By KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

Like the first summons, cuckoo! of thy bill,  
With its twin notes inseparably paired.

Winston dried his eyes and went into the picture-gallery.

#### A Story in Every Picture.

The first gifts to catch his eye were two coloured prints of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, gentlemen of some small repute in a bygone age. Passing them over with a kindly nod, the President of the Board of Trade came to a halt before a water-colour sketch of the Right Hon. Winston Churchill (from his devoted admirer, Mr. Mortimer M——). "Good," he said, approvingly, and then, once again, "How they love me!" A portrait of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, specially commissioned by the Right Hon. John B——, next claimed the attention of our hero, whilst cheek by jowl hung a sketch of Winston Churchill, by E. T. Reed. "Clever fellow!" he sighed. "Forehead a trifle foreshortened, but still—clever fellow!" Looking up, he was startled to observe a Louis Wain cat smiling down at him (in gratitude for many brilliant moments, from your ardent admirers, the electors of Manchester). "How they——" he began, but was cut short by the entrance of his private secretary, who reminded him that he was due elsewhere in less than no time.

#### Dressed for the Street.

Dashing into the hall, he found the footmen drawn up in a row. The First bore walking-sticks, gold-mounted and silver-mounted. The Second proffered umbrellas, gold-mounted and silver-mounted. The Third bore a tray containing cigar-holders and cigarette-holders, all gold-mounted, and in some cases encrusted with precious stones. The Fourth displayed card-cases, jewelled all over. The Fifth balanced upon his head no fewer than three dozen silver cigarette-boxes from ardent admirers in every part of the world. The Sixth was tapping a row of barometers, after the manner of an ancient musician playing upon the dulcimer. The Seventh called his attention to row upon row of handsome mirrors, modern and antique. The Eighth was sitting in a high-backed, carved-oak chair, a relic of the Cromwellian era. The Ninth was slipping into the pocket of his master's overcoat a couple of dozen silver-mounted travelling-flasks. The President of the Board of Trade, as you may suppose, was equal to the occasion. Taking a gold-mounted cane in each hand, and thrusting a gold-mounted umbrella under each arm, he placed a gold-mounted cigar-holder in one corner of his mouth, and a gold-mounted cigarette-holder in the other. A jewelled card-case peeped from every pocket. Then, wearing the overcoat heavy with flasks and cigarette-boxes, he staggered out into the street.

#### Other Presents.

The following is a list of some interesting presents received by the President of the Board of Trade, but not mentioned above—  
SHAW, MR. GEORGE BERNARD.—Imperial 8-fold Double Bellows.  
CHAMBERLAIN, RIGHT HON. AUSTEN.—Three-joint, snake-ring, winch-fitted, stained, brazed rod.  
CARNEGIE, MR. ANDREW.—One copy Stead's "Penny Books for the Bairns."  
HEATON, MR. JOHN HENNIKER.—One copy "The nasty way 'e sez it."  
LLOYD-GEORGE, RIGHT HON. D.—Handsomely bound volume on "Eccentric Juggling, Comical Conjuring, Musical Mimicry, and Whimsical Clowning."  
A FEW UNIONIST ADMIRERS.—Saratoga trunk, leather-covered, iron-bound, iron-covered bottom, together with first-class single ticket to Honolulu.  
ALLAN, MISS MAUD.—Smart cloth skirt, with bodice material (quite new—never worn).

#### Winston Among the Presents.

The youthful President of the Board of Trade woke up and rubbed his eyes. He had, he remembered, a heavy day before him. Fumbling on the antique table that stood to the right of the bed (the gift of the Marchioness of B——), he pressed a little button and illuminated the silver electric clock (a token of esteem from his old friend Major C——). It was half-past six. Turning rapidly to the table on the left of the bed (with every good wish from General Sir Lawrence O——), he smote sharply upon a little silver gong (just to wish you the best of luck, from Mr. and Mrs. George S——). A man-servant glided into the room, and proceeded to light the two hundred silver candlesticks. (Names of donors too numerous to mention.) "Tea," said the President of the Board of Trade briefly. The man retired, presently returning with the tea, in eight silver tea-pots. The five silver trays further held eighteen silver milk-jugs and twenty-three silver sugar-basins. Winston amused himself with these for the next half-hour, anon pausing to make notes with a serried mass of solid silver pencil-cases. At seven-thirty he stepped out of bed into a silver ink-stand, and, turning sharply, knocked over the Louis XVI. marqueterie table. Pausing for a moment to skim through the nine volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's Works, he raised the "large china ewer," gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. A——.

#### "How They Love Me!"

"How they love me!" he murmured softly, scraping his statesmanlike chin with one of the silver-handled razors (set of seven) presented by the Right Hon. A. J. B——. "How they love me!" he sighed again, brushing out his sunny locks with the heart-to-heart silver-backed brushes (sincere hopes for a rosy future from the Right Hon. John B——). The eight-day clock on the landing (a kind thought from the punctual foundrymen of Dundee) struck eight, and was answered by the cuckoo-clock over his mantelpiece (a token of peace in the name of the Suffragists of the United Kingdom), and the inlaid gold-and-ivory ditto in the bath-room (with every fond wish from Christabel P——). The President of the Board of Trade entered the dining-room. His one boiled egg stood serenely in his customary china egg-cup, but was surrounded by silver sugar-sifters, silver sugar-dredgers, silver egg-boilers, silver muffin-dishes, silver fish-knives, silver fish-forks, silver napkin-rings, silver-covered silver dishes, silver salt-cellars, silver egg-trays, silver flower-bowls, and silver fruit-baskets innumerable. "The half was not told me!" he whispered, feeling singularly like the Queen of Sheba in the palace of Solomon. From his pocket he drew a special silver cigarette-case. "Dear Joe!" he murmured.

#### Books They would Have Him Read.

The egg eaten, he strolled into the library. Every shelf was full to overflowing. Here his eye lighted upon a handsomely bound volume of Trench's "Parables" (with all kind thoughts from the Bishop of St. A——). There he noted with satisfaction another set, nine volumes, of "Theodore Roosevelt's Works" (trusting that they may contain a useful hint or two, from your old pal, Billy Hearst). His fingers strayed lovingly over the morocco bindings until he came to the "History of Japan" (three vols.) (in all reverence from the Right Hon. J. S——). "Annals of the Artists of Spain" (six vols.) detained him a little, but he was soon engrossed in the works of Lord Tennyson (to dear Winston, from Bishop W——). "A beautiful mind!" he breathed, turning over the pages. Replacing the volume, he withdrew from its modest hiding place the "Complete Works of Wordsworth" (in memory of your doughty deeds as fireman, from F. E. S.). One passage was marked. It ran as follows—

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard  
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill



## THE SECRET WEDDING OF MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

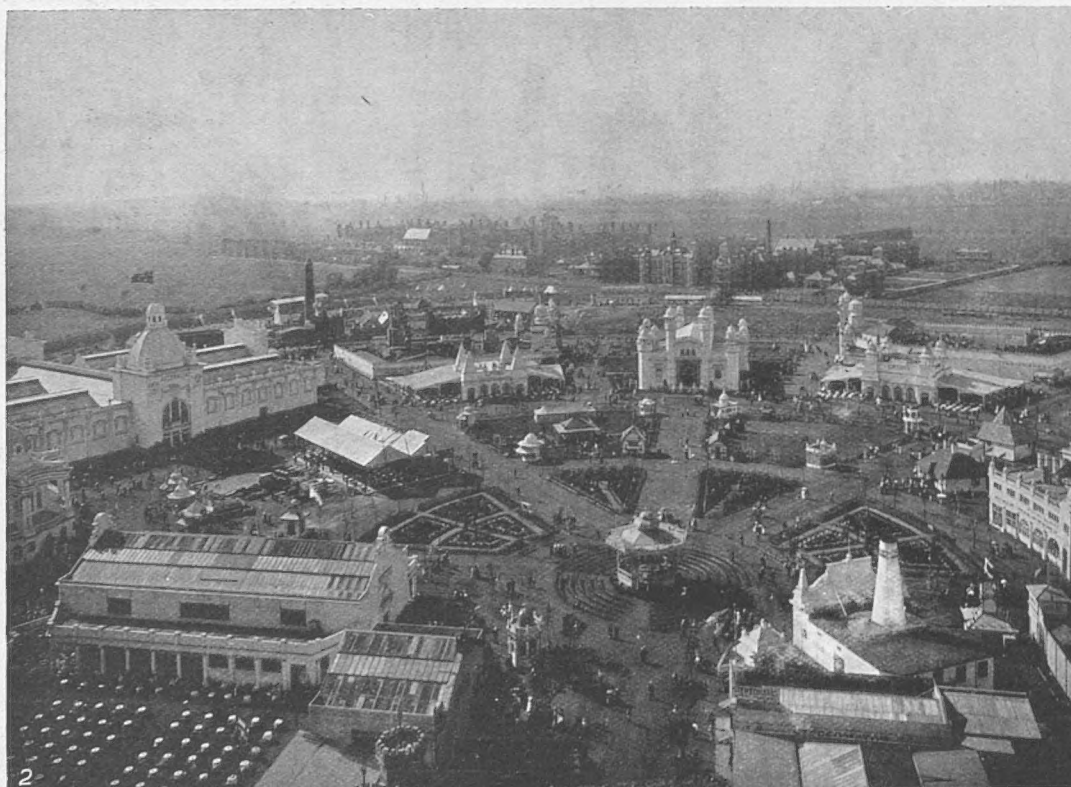


MRS. HAROLD GILES BORRETT (MISS MARIE STUDHOLME) AND HER HUSBAND.

Miss Marie Studholme, the popular and pretty musical-comedy actress, was married on Sept. 4 at the Registry Office of St. Marylebone, but she kept her wedding secret until Friday of last week, when the announcement was made in the Press. At the moment Miss Studholme is playing the leading part in "My Mimosa Maid" on tour. The certificate of marriage describes Miss Studholme as "Caroline Marie Porteous, formerly Lupton, spinster, thirty-one years of age." The popular actress's husband is described as "Harold Giles Borrett, twenty-seven years of age, bachelor, of independent means." The bridegroom is one of the five sons of Major-General Herbert C. Borrett. He was an amateur actor, and then secured a small part in "My Darling," in which Miss Studholme was touring at the time. Thus the happy pair met.

*Photograph of Miss Marie Studholme by H. J. Whitlock and Sons, that of Mr. Borrett by Foulsham and Banfield.*

A FLIPPANT VIEW OF THE FRANCO-BRITISH:  
THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH SEEN FROM THE FLIP-FLAP.



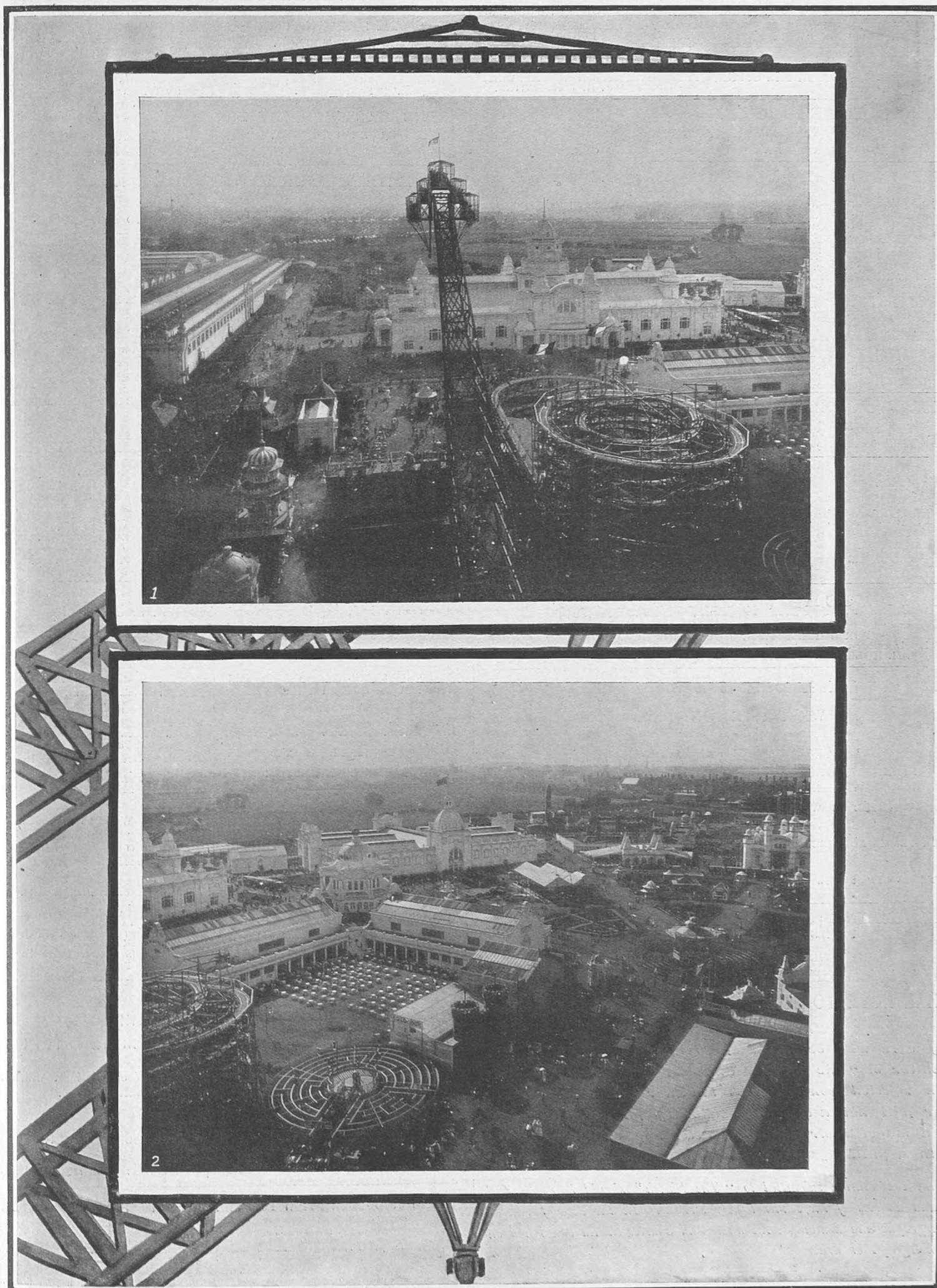
1. THE FLAP, SEEN FROM THE FLIP.

2. THE EXHIBITION AS SEEN FROM THE FLIP.

*Photographs by Valentine.*



A FLAPPANT VIEW OF THE FRANCO-BRITISH:  
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1. THE FLIP, SEEN FROM THE FLAP.

2. THE EXHIBITION AS SEEN FROM THE FLAP.

*Photographs by Valentine.*



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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The Utmost Farthing. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 2s. 6d.

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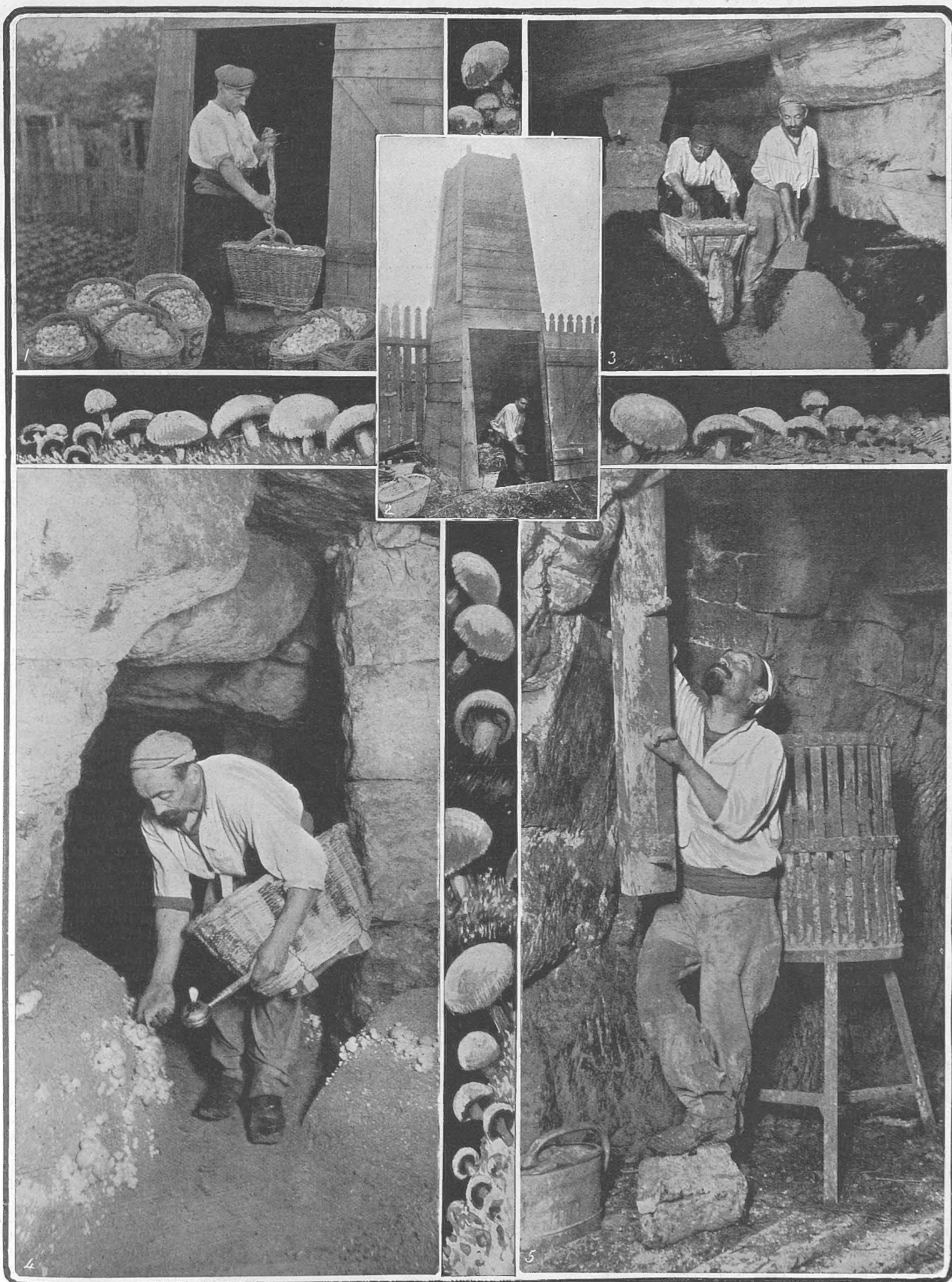
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# MUSHROOMS THAT GROW EIGHTY FEET UNDERGROUND : IN A SUBTERRANEAN MUSHROOM-FARM NEAR PARIS.



1. HAULING BASKETS OF FRESHLY PICKED MUSHROOMS TO THE SURFACE.

2. THE VENTILATING-SHAFT OF THE MUSHROOM-FARM, WHICH ALSO ACTS AS A LIFT.

3. COVERING THE HEAPS OF MANURE FOR THE BEDS WITH LIME AND SAND.

4. A MUSHROOM-GATHERER AT WORK; SHOWING THE LAMP (FITTED TO A SPIKED STICK) WHICH HE PLACES IN CREVICES IN THE WALLS OF THE PIT, TO LIGHT HIM WHILE HE IS GATHERING THE FUNGI.

5. IN THE MUSHROOM-PIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER THAT REACHES UP THE SHAFT, SHOWING THE BRAZIER WHICH HELPS TO VENTILATE THE CAVE.

Mushroom-farming is carried on in the caves and tunnels of the disused quarries around Paris, and it is said that the strange farms could hold the whole of the population of Paris. Mushrooms, of course, thrive best in the dark and the damp. The task of gathering the fungi is by no means easy, for the workings of the old quarries are so narrow that it is possible to stand upright only in a few places, and in the "rest-holes" made for the purpose.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.]



# SMALL TALK



THE HON. R. D.  
RYDER,

Who is to Marry Miss Beryl Angas  
To-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by Mayall and Co.

The present peer, who is brother-in-law to Mr. F. D. Smith, is a partner in Coutts and Co. Sandon Hall is a very fine place, and is kept up in a rather exceptionally splendid fashion. Mr. R. D. Ryder is much younger than his eldest brother. Miss Angas is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Angas, of South Australia, and Smallfield Place, Surrey.

*Mrs. Elinor Glyn.* We regret very much that in our issue of 26th August we were in error in stating that Mrs. Elinor Glyn had been refused a license by the Censor for the production of the dramatised version of her novel, "Three Weeks," which was presented at a private performance at the Adelphi; and we tender our apologies to the talented authoress for any annoyance that may have been caused her.

*Tolstoy's Wife.* The celebration of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday has been marked by the writing of hundreds of appreciations at home and abroad, but in these appreciations little is said of the wonderful woman who has played so great a rôle in his singular existence. The Countess Tolstoy is known to have sat for the charming picture of the girl heroine in "Anna Karenina," and she has admitted that Count Tolstoy did not trouble to invent when he wrote the famous proposal scene in that epoch-making book. The Countess was for many years her husband's secretary and copyist, as well as his literary agent, and there are some who would perhaps go as far as to say that there is something in common between this great Russian lady and the heroine of Mr. Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows."

*From Diplomacy to Interviewing.* The son of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and brother, therefore, to the

MANY of the smart folk who came to London in order to attend Mr. Winston Churchill's marriage have stayed on for to-day's wedding. The bridegroom is Lord Harrowby's youngest brother, and the bride Miss Beryl Angas. The Ryder clan is very important in Society, being possessed of wealth, rank, and brains.

lady who had so exciting an adventure with burglars last week, is choosing journalism instead of diplomacy as a career, and American pressmen are loud in their congratulations. It seems to have been a case of the interviewer interviewed, for after his first "assignment," which consisted in his being set to try and extract a talk out of a noted Democrat,



COUNT TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE, THE ORIGINAL OF THE  
GIRL HEROINE IN "ANNA KARENINA."

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



MISS  
BERYL  
ANGAS,

Who is to Marry the Hon. R. D. Ryder  
To-day (Wednesday).

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

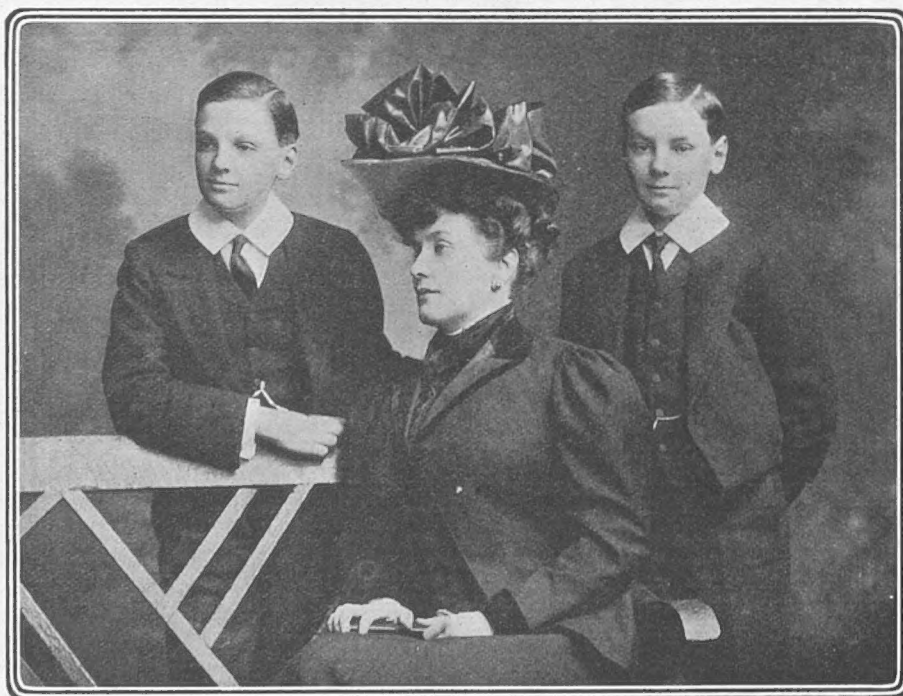
he was in his turn approached in order that he might explain how he had liked the job! Mr. Ogden Mills Reid, to give him his full name, has always been popular in British Society. Through most of his feminine relations, he is connected with our peerage, and he is entering "the Fourth Estate" under pleasant auspices, for his father owns the *New York Tribune*.

## The Modern Wedding Tour.

Fashion has its say even in the matter of honeymoons. Just now the country-house honeymoon is rather in disfavour; the happy pair spend a week in some kind friend's historic country mansion, and then start off for the Continent. This is to be the itinerary of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's first month of wedded life. It was certain that Blenheim would give a rousing reception to the most distinguished of the many descendants of "Handsome John Churchill" and his formidable Sarah, and after a brief stay in the cradle of his race, the young statesman will take a scamper through France and Italy with his beautiful bride.

## American Widows and English Husbands.

The recent marriage of Mrs. Marshall Field and Mr. Maldwin Drummond reminds one of how many American ladies have of late years chosen Englishmen for their second husbands, and those by no means always members of the Upper House. An interesting case in point was Lily Duchess of Marlborough; when making her third choice she had the good fortune to meet the man who was then, perhaps, the most popular and charming bachelor in the great world, the late Lord "Bill" Beresford. While it lasted their union was an ideal one. Cora, Countess of Stafford, also chose as her third husband an English gentleman, Mr. Martyn Kennard.



THE WEDDING OF MRS. MARSHALL FIELD: MRS. MALDWIN DRUMMOND AND HER SONS,  
THE MASTERS MARSHALL AND HENRY FIELD, THE RICHEST BOYS IN THE WORLD.

Mrs. Marshall Field, wife of the late Mr. Marshall Field, jun., of Chicago, was married the other day to Mr. Maldwin Drummond, a grandson of Lord Muncaster. Marshall Field and Henry Field are said to be the richest boys in the world. Their father left an estate worth over £30,000,000, most of which was left to the two boys and their sister. The estate is to be kept intact until the elder boy is fifty. At the age of twenty-five the elder boy will receive £100,000, and a similar sum will be paid to him when he is thirty, thirty-five, and forty. The younger brother will receive four sums of £60,000 at similar periods. At the age of fifty both sons will receive their share of the estate.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



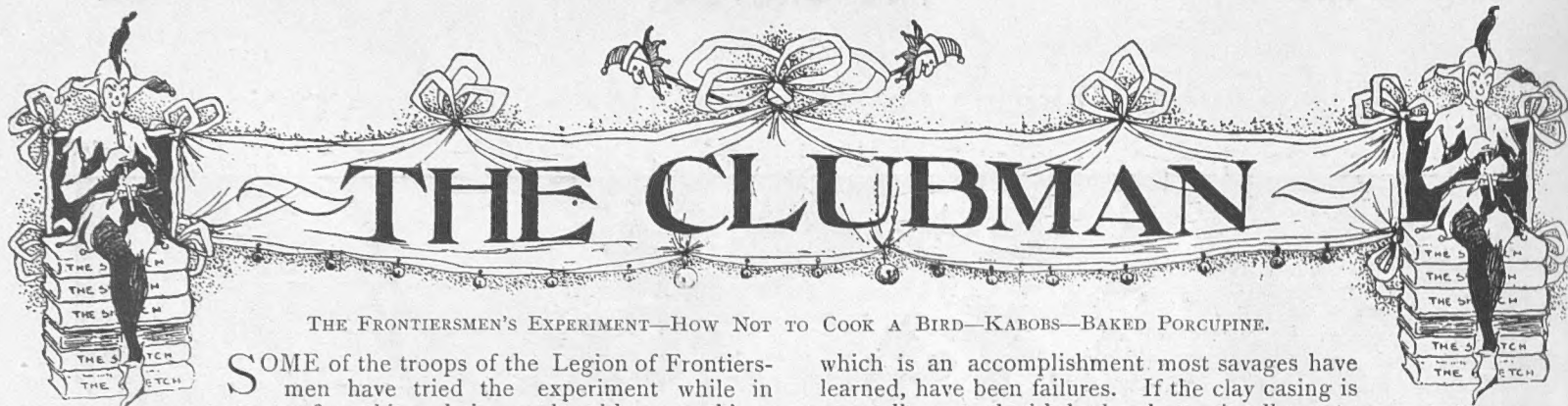
## A TREE AS A SUGAR - STICK.



A MAPLE TAPPED FOR SUGAR SYRUP IN THE QUEBEC WOODS, CANADA.

"Sugar-Maple (says the encyclopædia), *Acer saccharinum*, a tree of great economical worth and noble appearance, ranging from Southern Newfoundland through the eastern half of the United States. Its heavy, hard, and tough wood is employed for furniture, shoe-lasts, inside finish, flooring, certain parts of ship-building, cabinet-work (especially in its curled and bird's-eye varieties), and numerous similar purposes. The sap of the living tree is drawn in early spring by tapping for the manufacture of a finely flavoured sugar and syrup."—[*Photograph by Sallows.*]





THE FRONTIERSMEN'S EXPERIMENT—HOW NOT TO COOK A BIRD—KABOBS—BAKED PORCUPINE.

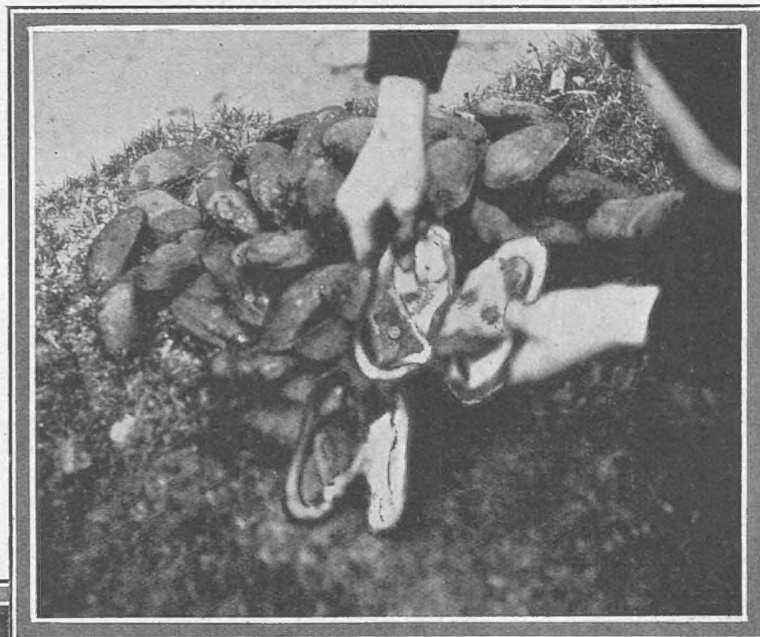
SOME of the troops of the Legion of Frontiersmen have tried the experiment while in camp of cooking their meals without cooking-utensils. It is not often that a scout finds himself without the very simple cooking-pot which a soldier's canteen makes; but the occasion does sometimes come, and the experiences of the Frontiersmen should prove useful. I expect that every schoolboy has made his first experiment in cooking without pots and pans very much as I did. I can see now the thrush which I had slain with a catapult twirling on a piece of worsted before the fire in my bedroom at a preparatory school in Essex, and I can see also the faces of the two boys invited to join in the feast when they tasted the shrivelled-up, burned-up thing, served up on a piece of newspaper. I had neither cleaned out the bird nor basted it, and it was as hard as wood and as bitter as aloes. The remarks of my guests on my skill as a cook very nearly led to a fight.

In my soldiering days little kabobs of meat skewered on a green stick or bayonet, and roasted over wood embers, were the simplest delicacies I cooked myself, and, easy as this method sounds, there is some art in the doing of it. You rest your skewer on a forked stick planted in the ground, and you are sure, on the first occasion on which you try the experiment, either

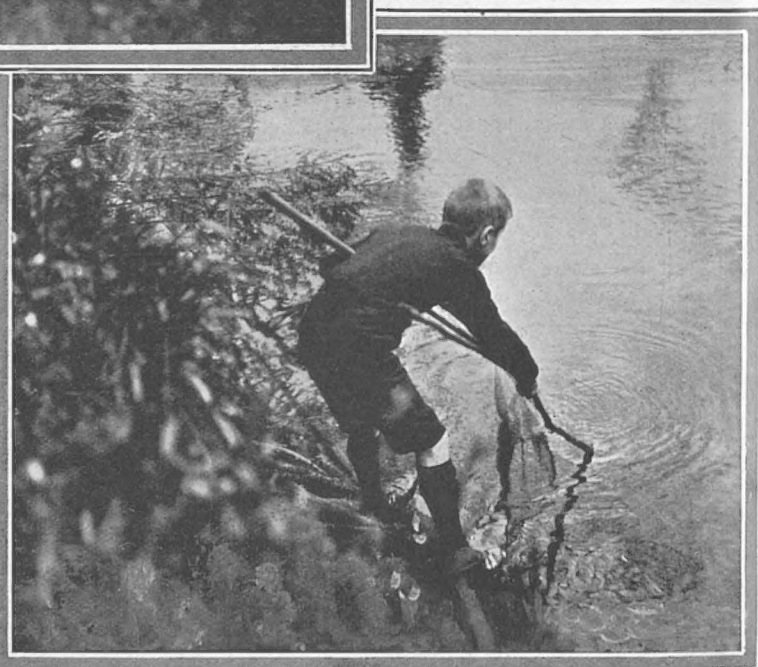
which is an accomplishment most savages have learned, have been failures. If the clay casing is not well smeared with lard or butter it adheres to the bird or meat that is being baked in it, and with every scrap of meat put into the mouth there goes a stony hard bit of baked clay. But if one is riding on some very pressing errand, and riding so light that even a canteen is not to be strapped to the saddle, a tin of butter is not likely to be amongst one's impedimenta.

But I remember one occasion when this baking-in-clay method was a triumphant success. I and my men on the borders of the Kalahari were riding hard to head off a band of cattle thieves, whom a bigger force would then deal with at leisure. We rode with what we could carry on our own horses and on the spare horses we led. A plentiful supply of biltong—the sticks of dried buck's-meat the Boers make—thrust into our long boots or gaiters, a bag of ship's biscuits, a nosebag full of mealies for each horse, and plenty of ammunition were, I think, all the encumbrances we had. We had reached the water-holes we were making for, men and horses both dead-tired; the horses were knee-haltered and turned out to roll and graze, and we lay on the ground nibbling at our dry meat and drinking the filthy water of the holes through the little pocket-filters which were

A FIND: A MUSSEL CONTAINING A LARGE AND VALUABLE PEARL.



PICKING UP MUSSELS WHEN THE WATER IN THE RIVER IS EXCEPTIONALLY LOW.



SECURING MUSSELS BY MEANS OF A POINTED STICK AND A NET, WHEN THE WATER IS DEEP.

#### PEARL-FISHING IN GREAT BRITAIN: IN QUEST OF THE PEARL-BEARING MUSSEL.

There are several rivers in Great Britain in which are to be found pearl-bearing mussels. Some of the pearls discovered in these mussels are of good size and of good shape, and are beautifully white. It is possible, of course, to go pearl-fishing only when the rivers are very low. As a rule, the mussels lie in beds, or groups, together. They are not easily found, but as they live most of their time with their mouths open, the practised fisher is soon able to see them quickly. When the pointed stick and a net are used, the stick is inserted between the gaping shell of the mussel, which promptly closes tightly on the stick. It is then levered out of its bed, and manoeuvred into the net. When pearls are found they are generally in the substance of the fish towards its outer edge, in what in oysters is called the beard.

to burn or to under-cook your little lumps of meat; but when you know exactly how to handle your skewer, you get delicious sizzling morsels, with all the juices of the meat remaining in them.

In South Africa we used to make ovens out of the ant-bear mounds, and on one occasion, when imprisoned by two rivers which had suddenly come down in flood, the men of the troop I commanded made quite eatable cakes out of pounded Indian corn, sharing the ration of mealies with their horses, and baked them in one of these primitive ovens; but in nine cases out of ten the attempts I have seen made to bake meat or birds in a casing of clay,

in those days part of our equipment. Out of the darkness came to me the half-caste who was our guide on that long ride, and he was carrying a dead porcupine, which he had just slain. It looked as unlikely a creature to become baked meat as ever I saw; but the half-caste knew better. He scraped away at an ant-bear heap; the men, interested, collected a pile of the veldt fuel; the mud from the dirtiest of the water-holes formed a casing, and the big ball was put into the heated ant-bear heap to bake. When the casing was broken, all the animal's quills came away with it, and the little beast, with a thick covering of gelatinous skin, lay ready baked.



# YACHTING WITHOUT GOING ON THE WATER:

SAND-YACHTING — A SPORT MANY MIGHT TRY.



1. REPAIRING A BREAKDOWN.

2. STARTING IN A LIGHT WIND.

3. ABOUT TO START FOR A SAIL ON THE SANDS.

4. TURNING AT FULL SPEED.

5. A TYPICAL SAND-YACHT.

*Photographs by International Press Agency.*





BEST MAN AT MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WEDDING: "LINKY," OTHERWISE LORD HUGH CECIL.

*Photograph by Beresford.*

## CROWNS CORONETS COURTIERS

THE Cecil family is great at nicknames in its own intimate circle, and Lord Hugh, who was Mr. Churchill's best man, is "Linky," while his parson brother, Lord William, is "Fish," and Lord Edward, the soldier brother, is "Niggs." Lord Hugh, the Benjamin of the family—he is not yet forty—is probably the most able intellectually. He is, unfortunately, for the moment out of the House,

with the resemblance that he is a little disappointed if an American customer does not remark upon it and ask him to "look like Roosevelt," in order to give him an excuse to put on a pair of black-rimmed eyeglasses which he keeps handy, and compose his features in imitation of the portrait.

*A Future Peeress.* A very charming addition will shortly be made to those noble families



A FUTURE PEERESS: MISS URSULA MARY BARCLAY, WHO IS TO MARRY THE HON. ROBERT COLLIER.

*Photograph by Annie Bell.*

but in the last Parliament he made an extraordinary reputation by his marvellous eloquence, added to his intense earnestness and fervid conviction. Very thin and tall, with a scholar's stoop, he is reputed to be more religiously minded than many a Bishop, and "F. C. G." generally represents him in a cassock and biretta. There is a wicked story that when he sat for Greenwich he once opened a Nonconformist bazaar in the astronomical borough, fully believing it to be a Church one, and that when he learnt what he had done he hurried off to the Bishop of London to receive absolution for his schismatical conduct!

### *The Second Mr. Roosevelt.*

As soon as the result of the Republican Convention at Chicago was known, speculation began as to the particular form of relaxation from cares of state President Roosevelt would choose, after the inauguration of his successor next March. Now it is stated that he will go to Africa to shoot big game. At any rate, it seems certain



THE SECOND MR. ROOSEVELT: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DOUBLE IN FLORENCE.

The President's double is named Pietro Cassini. He is the owner of a picture-frame shop in front of the Pitti Place, and is very proud of his resemblance to the strenuous one.—[Photograph supplied by J. C. Smith.]

that he will go abroad. If he should happen to pass through Florence, he will have a chance for a hearty laugh, if he will go to a certain picture-frame shop in front of the Pitti Palace. In the window he will see a portrait of himself, with an American flag above it. And within he will find his own double, Pietro Cassini, the proprietor, his square-jawed face wreathed in smiles that disclose the exuberant teeth that, in the original, caricatures have made famous. So pleased is Pietro

Queen when they were at Bristol last July. The Duke, whose nickname is "Wootty," a corruption of the courtesy title of Lord Worcester, by which he was so long known, is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the regular type of features traditional in the Somerset family, and he wears whiskers. He was long regarded as a confirmed bachelor, when suddenly he married the charming widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyll, and now there is a little Lord Worcester and two little sisters.



VICTIM OF AN UNFORTUNATE HUNTING ACCIDENT: THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

The Duke is known among his intimates as "Wootty," and the nickname is a corruption of the courtesy title, Lord Worcester, which he bore for so long. He does not care a great deal for London Society, but entertains much at Badminton.

*Photograph by H. J. Whitlock and Sons.*



HOSTESS OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT AND LADY ABERDEEN LAST WEEK: LADY WELDON.

Lady Weldon gave a garden-party at Kilmoroney, Co. Kildare, last week in honour of the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen. It was arranged that their Excellencies should go down in time to lunch with Sir Anthony and Lady Weldon.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



# A BLACK KING'S "BUCKINGHAM PALACE":

A RESIDENCE FOR LEWANIKA IN THE MAKING.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



BULLOCKS DRAGGING THE KING'S NIECES' CANOE OVERLAND TO SISHIKI.



WOMEN PLASTERING THE KING'S COURTYARD.



PUTTING TOGETHER THE FRAMEWORK OF THE KING'S RESIDENCE.



THE SHELL OF A BLACK KING'S "BUCKINGHAM PALACE": THE FRAMEWORK OF LEWANIKA'S RESIDENCE AT SISHIKI.



ENSURING THE PRIVACY OF THE KING: BUILDING A STOCKADE ROUND THE ROYAL RESIDENCE.

*Photographs by Bissett and White.*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

"THE OLD FIRM"—"FAUST"—"THE EARLY WORM"—"PAID IN FULL"—  
"THE DUKE'S MOTTO"—"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

MESSRS. H. and E. Paulton's idea of the man who thought he had sold his soul to the Devil served very well for their farce, which is quite a fair specimen, and may well tend to remove the prejudices of the profession against Friday, on which day it was born. To say it is far-fetched is to say that it is farcical, and there are plenty of people to enjoy a rollicking farce that does not pretend to be something more important than it is. The management introduces a new American actor, Mr. Richard Golden, who soon made many friends in the audience by his agreeable humour and his easy manner.

How some of the critics have hurled themselves upon the "Faust" production! I have even read notices in which was implicit evidence that their writers had never read the first or second part of the original in German or English, and yet they reproached poor Mr. Tree for irreverence to the spirit of Goethe. Nevertheless, he and his authors, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr, have attempted harder than Irving and Wills to be faithful to the prodigious German, who has himself to thank for the difficulty of making a play likely to please our play-patronising public out of his bewildering masterpiece. However, most of "the critics who decry" agree that the production is stupendous; they even deal with the piece as if it were a Hippodrome spectacle. Of course, it was intended to be more than that, and is; perhaps it is also something less in the way of sensational effect. For one cannot find an unlimited number of new stage devices with which to dazzle, unless, indeed, some novel system is adopted. It may be rather a pity that so much time and trouble—to say nothing of money—should have been spent on the task of adapting the essentially unadaptable; and the precedent of the Lyceum cannot be pleaded successfully: the former production merely showed the impossibility of the success sought by Mr. Tree. However, many people were delighted. The pity is that Mr. Tree, with all the cares of such a heavy production on his shoulders, could not do justice to himself in the part of Mephistopheles. I wonder that he does not employ an understudy, and let him appear on the first-night, leaving us the chance of dealing with his own acting later on. There can be no doubt that Mr. Tree's reputation as an actor has been affected by the fact that so many of his performances have been judged when the first-night worry has been upon him. The most honest effort of the critic to make allowances does not result in a sound opinion. In the present case we were only able to guess what his Mephistopheles will be. Mr. Henry Ainley was quite at home in the part of Faust, in which he really shone. Miss Marie Löhr, a charming, pathetic Margaret, was not quite big enough for her task in any sense in which the term is used as regards the stage.

The remainder of a very full week's programme has consisted of a distinctly clever and amusing farce, an American drawing-room

melodrama of some power, an orgy of swashbuckling by Mr. Lewis Waller, and a revival of "The Corsican Brothers" by Mr. Martin Harvey. The farce was "The Early Worm," at Wyndham's, in which the author, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, showed ingenuity and a pretty turn of wit in the performance of his task of providing parts for Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and Miss Fanny Brough. Mr. Grossmith plays "bounders" as few actors can: so this time he was an impecunious "bounder" who was used by a beautiful heiress for the purpose

of rousing the jealousy of Mr. Matthews, who was an off-hand and pleasant-mannered young Duke. His adventures included a rescue (prearranged) of a cabin-boy, a swim from a yacht in which the Duke had imprisoned him, and a fit of generous remorse; indeed, all the gentlemen in the last act indulged in frankness with most entertaining results. As the suspicious wife Miss Fanny Brough played brilliantly, Miss Muriel Beaumont was charming as the heiress, and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb made a distinct hit as the cabin-boy.

The American importation was "Paid in Full," by Mr. Eugene Walter, at the Aldwych, which has qualities of directness and dramatic force which seem certain to lead it to success. It is the story of a contemptible husband willing to sacrifice his wife's honour to save his own liberty, and of a wife who by her nobility saved her husband without making the sacrifice necessary; and it gave Mr. Louis Calvert, as the husband's employer, a rough sea-captain, an opportunity of adding one more brilliant study to the already brilliant series of real human characters which he has created.

At the Lyric, Mr. Lewis Waller has gone back to the days of Fechter, when one "H. Irving" played villains in the provinces.

"The Duke's Motto," which is an adaptation by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy of a melodrama of the early 'sixties and of a novel of his own, is historically interesting and wonderfully foolish. But foolishness does not seem to matter when Mr. Waller can swagger and be most incredibly daring and successful; and as De Lagardère he is all these things in the highest degree, whether slaying assassins or foiling villains by a simple disguise or indulging in heroic self-sacrifice in love. There remains Mr. Harvey, who essays to take up the mantle of Irving, and, though not an Irving, wears it pretty well. There is poetry, imagination, and genuine emotion in his rendering of the twin brothers, whose lives are bound by supernatural ties. Less arduous was his task in a curtain-raiser, called "The Conspiracy," by Robert Barr and Sidney Lewis Ransom, in which he, as a young king, faced a band of rebellious nobles, and after a little dangerous bluffing won their hearts. There is more promise in this programme than in any that Mr. Harvey has presented in London for some time past.



Mr. Calvert.

"PAID IN FULL," AT THE ALDWYCH: MR. LOUIS CALVERT AS CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

## TOBACCO REALLY THE SOVEREIGN HERB!

PIPE-SMOKING TO WIN MONEY: A REMARKABLE COMPETITION IN BELGIUM.



1. CLEANING A PIPE-STEM WITH STRAWS IN PREPARATION FOR THE CONTEST.  
 3. A CHAMPION OF THE FUTURE STUDYING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A PIPE-SMOKING COMPETITION.

2. WEIGHING THE PORTIONS OF TOBACCO ALLOTTED TO EACH COMPETITOR.  
 4. "DE VROLIJKE ROOKERS" WELCOMING A WOMAN SMOKER AT THEIR COUNTRY SIDE CLUB.  
 6. DISTRIBUTING BUTTONHOLES AMONGST THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

5. LIGHTING THE PIPES AT THE BEGINNING OF A CONTEST. Contests for pipe-smokers are held frequently in Belgium. A certain amount of tobacco is allotted to each competitor, and a certain time is allowed for the contest, this being usually an hour. The competitor who keeps his pipe alight for the longest time wins. For such competitions money prizes are offered, and these vary in value from a first prize of 8 francs, a second prize of 7 francs, and a third prize of 5.50, down to a tenth prize of 1 franc.—[The Sketch, Sept. 16, 1908]





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**The Mild Hindu.** While utilitarians and the humane in this country are debating the case for and against the sparrow, our fellow-citizens in India are sharply divided upon the question of monkeys. The gentle Hindu by no means accounts himself a Darwinian, but he has long been convinced that the monkey, no matter what his ancestry, is lord of a soul to save, as well as of a body which is not to be kicked; and for this reason the monkey has been held sacred. In consequence it has multiplied exceedingly, and teems in temples, bazaars, and most places where monkeys really should not be. It has been little short of treason and sacrilege to kill a holy monkey. But excess of monkeys is moving even Hindu opinion. At Krishnagar there has been a slaying of the tailed ones, and the example has made others think. At Birnagar the Hindus desired to rid themselves of their simian persecutors, but they felt that punishment might descend in the hereafter upon the slayers. So they sent out to a tribe who walk in darkness, saying, "Fall on and slay." The tribesmen, highly paid for their sport, needed no second invitation, and there has been a rare mortality among the monkeys, without jeopardy to the soul of a single Hindu.

**A Novel Plea.** Sir Wilfred Laurier may well wish to impose the closure, when members of the Dominion Parliament quote at length, not only from Blue Books, but from novels. Here we pretend that our members rely only upon memory, but the privilege could not be safely accorded to all men. They had in Sydney a man who knew novels by heart. The fact came out in the most dramatic way. A prisoner accused of murder sought to set up an alibi. He declared that at the time that the crime was committed he was in the hut of a man named Lane, listening to a novel. Lane was called in corroboration. "And pray where is the book which you were reading?" asked the Attorney-General. "I did not have a book, I repeated it all from memory; it took me two-and-a-half hours," was the reply. "Do you really mean that you remembered a novel which it took you that time to recite?" "I do; it was Horace Walpole's 'Old English Baron.'" "Just let us have a page or two." The witness

began without hesitation the opening chapter, and reeled off page after page with fine effect. The court declared itself satisfied, but counsel for the defence, proud of the man whose word had been impugned, insisted that he should recite the whole work. The court and prosecution pleaded, and as a compromise, only the concluding portions of the story were given. It was enough; the prisoner was acquitted.

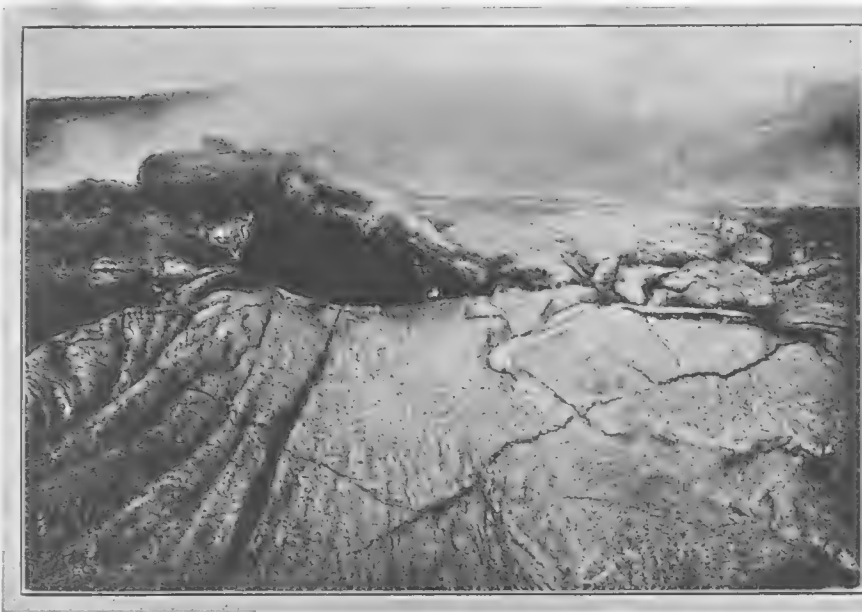
**A Geographical Inexactitude.** A peep at Blackpool.

where the Bishop of Manchester has been holding his annual mission on the sands, made one wonder if his Lordship has had greater success with the boatmen there than William Rogers of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, had with the Thames watermen. He made something like a convert of one man, who attended church on slack Sundays when the weather was bad, and became, as his pastor said, almost religious. The great barrier in his path to paradise was an ignorance of geography. He paused one day on his oars, as he was rowing the vicar across the Thames, and thought of the Sea of Galilee. "Ah, Sir," he

said after a while. "I often thinks of old Peter rowing on this 'ere water."

**Unashamed.** A gentleman of Japan has been running his eye over us, and finds that our women are not as modest as those of the Flowery Land, which is the direct opposite of the impression left upon the mind of Lord Elgin when he conducted thither the first British Mission. It was

the absence of modesty in the women, even of the upper classes of that day, which so astonished him. There they were bathing, with complete unconcern, in tubs placed before their houses, for all the world to see. If by any chance the bath were not favourably placed for observation, they rushed, naked and steaming, from it to gaze at the strangers as they passed. The Japanese are, possibly, the most punctiliously cleanly people in the world; but Lord Elgin swore an Ambassadorial oath that he had never seen the cleanliness of the fair sex established on such unimpeachable evidence. If this be modesty, and our Japanese visitors miss it in our ladies—well, we must be content to stand for an immodest people.



THE VISION THE MAN WHO LIVES ON THE EDGE OF A VOLCANO SHOULD SEE.  
THE FAMOUS VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, IN HAWAII, IN ERUPTION.

The floor of the great crater is a mile in diameter, and is surrounded by walls a thousand feet high. The smoke seen in the background is that rising from the "house of fire."—[Photograph by Rhodes.]



DOGS THAT WERE HUNG FOR MURDER.

The two Eskimo dogs seen on the left of the photograph were hung by order of some missionaries the other day. They belonged to Cartwright, Sandwich Bay, Labrador, and paid the death penalty for killing a boy of six. The youngster was playing with the animals when he fell. At once the dogs, only half tame, like so many of the sleigh-dogs of the North, saw their opportunity, pounced upon him, and killed him while he was down. The boy's father, an Eskimo, then went to the missionaries, and to pacify him the dogs were hung. The truth of this story is vouched for by our correspondent.—[Photograph by Holloway.]

CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—III.



THE BOY IN THE BOWLER: Boo' hoo! Canny's swallowed my little engine.  
 THE STRANGER: Good gracious! How could that happen?  
 THE BOY IN THE BOWLER: We was on the floor playing at trains, and he was the tunnel.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.





WHAT is acting? The question has been asked times without number, and the definitions have been many. The views of the children of popular players on this subject are probably as illuminating as those of their elders, and are certainly far more naïve. Nothing more delightful, for instance, could be found than the impressions of the six-year-old daughter of Miss Evelyn Millard, who, by the way, is exceedingly gratified with the future prospects of "Idols," at the Garrick Theatre. Her daughter, contrary to what most people would expect, has never been inside the walls of a theatre, and has no practical knowledge of what a play is like. When Miss Millard was playing in "Brigadier Gerard" with Mr. Waller, at the Lyric, the little damsel spoke to her mother about acting, and Miss Millard told her in a childish way, so that she could understand it, the story of the play—how she had to pretend to be a Countess who had lost some letters, and how she got anxious and went about looking for them everywhere, until at last she opened a cupboard and found Mr. Waller in it. The child was excited, as children always are over stories, especially dramatic stories, but she did not talk much about it. Not very long ago, the little one again began to speak about her mother's work, and Miss Millard said, "But, of course, darling, you don't know what acting is." "Oh, yes, I do, darling love—bird," she replied. "You shout and talk loud, and then you find Mr. Waller in a cupboard. That is acting."

Miss Marie George, who is engaged to play the comedy part in "The Marriages of Mayfair," which begins to-morrow evening at Drury Lane, is the proud possessor of a son of four, who was not long ago multiplied sevenfold by an imaginative paragraphist, to the amazement, if not the discomfiture, of the popular actress. The little chap, who was taken to Drury Lane during the pantomime to see his mother act, was very much struck with her appearance in one scene when she went up on a wire. When he heard she was to play in

the drama this year, he began to ply her with questions as to what her part was like. "Are you going up on a wire, mother?" he asked. "No, darling," replied Miss George. "Are you going to sing?" "No, darling," she answered. "Are you going to dance?" "No, darling." "Then what are you going to do?" "I am going to act," said Miss George. "Oh, I see; you are going to be an acrobat!"



A VICAR'S SISTER WHO IS TO APPEAR IN A VICAR'S PLAY: MISS HILDA FORBES PHILLIPS, WHO IS ABOUT TO TOUR IN "A MAID OF FRANCE," BY THE REV. FORBES PHILLIPS.

Miss Hilda Forbes Phillips, sister of the Rev. Forbes Phillips, the Vicar of Gorleston, is about to tour the provinces in the leading part in "A Maid of France," a new romantic costume play, in four acts, by her brother. It may be recalled that the Vicar of Gorleston is author of "Lord Danby's Love Affair," "For Church or Stage," and "Her First Proposal"; and he has personally supervised and rehearsed the production.—[Photographs by A. O. Yardley]

bad for you to smoke that coarse black twist. You will make yourself old before your time." Then he proceeded to deliver a

homily on the evils of tobacco-smoking, hard though it is to believe that he ever stood in the pulpit, even in the privacy of his own house. Shortly after—whether as the result of the lecture or not—the page left without giving notice; and a little later Mr. Barrie, meeting some friends, took them home. When smoking time came, he went to a cabinet where he kept some very fine cigars. Instead of finding them, as he expected, he saw in their place the clay pipe of "Buttons," and a note in the boy's hand-



A REMARKABLE ENTRANCE: THE PALACE GIRLS SLIDING ON TO THE STAGE.

The Palace Girls have returned to the Palace. They enter the stage in a novel manner, by slipping down a long spiral slide some twenty feet high.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

writing. He took it out and read: "DEAR SIR,—I agree with you that it is bad for a boy to smoke twist. I will not smoke any more twist until I have finished your cigars." Mr. Barrie might make that joke into a one-act play, and let the world laugh with him.

# *Pillars of the Playhouse.*

*Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Chespi.*



II.—THE TREE-ITES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

MR. PETT RIDGE has the genius of sympathy. It is not for nothing that he has found variety enough for many books in the monotony of third-rate London. His knowledge of the shabbier side of the suburbs is founded on much more than a mere onlooker's insight into the workings of mean streets and little minds; it is the knowledge of sympathy. And now a practical demonstration of the charity that can be read between the lines of his books is seen in the Home for Sick Babies which he has organised at 45, Harman Street, Hoxton. For his helpers he has had Mr. Alfred Sutro and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham; while one cot bears the name of G. W. Stevens, and another that of E. F. Benson. "Life and Letters" gain something more than a merely alliterative alliance in such schemes as this, to the support of which the delighted readers of Mr. Pett Ridge will surely rally.

How many readers, I wonder, blushed at the superior snubbing bestowed on Mr. Hall Caine in a recent issue of a most respectable morning paper? It is very easy to make the absent ridiculous. Mr. Hall Caine is absent: he has left the upper circles of literature. But why, for leaving one form of production for another, should a man be howled at, or, worse, smiled at? He has left the proud, narrow highway of poetry and criticism, anthology-making, and Rossetti reminiscence for the broad, lowly thoroughfare of popular fiction and popular drama. Now the critic cannot away with popularity, in its biggest sense. Write precious nothings; make allusions that are comprehensible only to six friends in Oxford; deplore the platitudes; make paradoxes; please yourself into any sort of posture before the mirror of your own mind, and you will stand a chance of being tolerated or even respected. But please the populace, and you are ignominious.

I have often wondered why an author in particular suffers under this sort of popularity. The King is popular, and is respected. An orator may be popular without everybody smiling or frowning at the mention of his name. He is allowed to catch the ear of the people, to build his castle, to wear his own style of hat without being held in public contempt. And it is allowable, it is cricket, for any sort of man, except the maker of books, to handle his public, and perhaps to play with it a little. The journalist may do it; the wiles of the barrister, who can hoodwink a jury by bathos and the cheaper forms of rhetoric into acquitting his client, are condoned by the Bench and made a matter of compliment in the Press. And so on through the professionals, until we come to—Mr. Hall Caine. He, indeed, is tarred and feathered by his literary brethren. He is not allowed to inhabit his castle or his wideawake in peace, and all because he uses the

arts that are commendable in a monarch, a Prime Minister, or a Solicitor-General! The whole affair is a mystery; and I should like to see Mr. Hall Caine write a novel that did not sell and a play that was hissed off the boards, if only to watch the sequel. There might then be a chance for him to regain the favour that was his when he was one of Rossetti's friends, and a man writing for the arm-chairs of the Savile Club instead of for the pandemonium of the Lyceum pit.

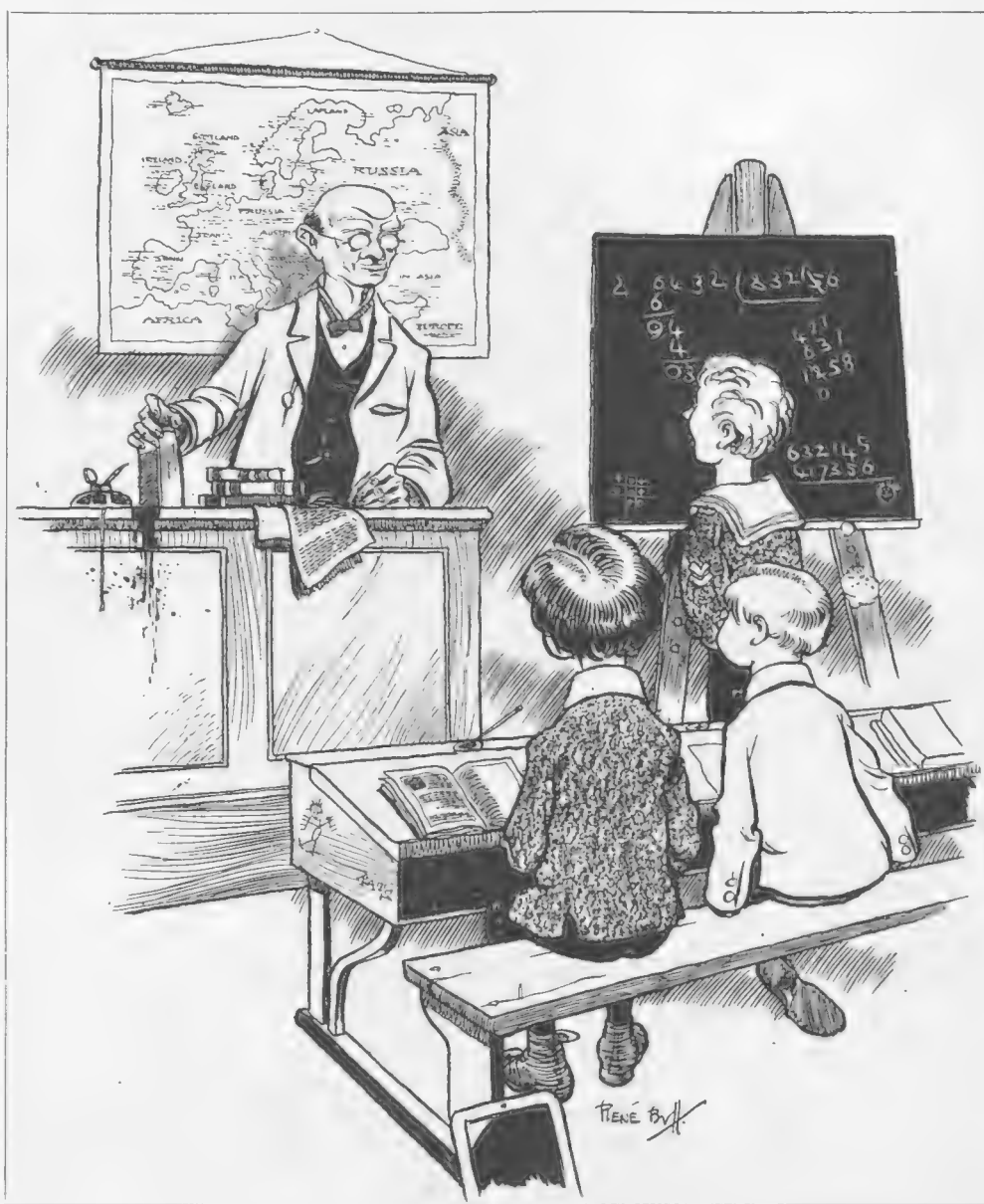
The second-hand bookseller is, perhaps, the least recognised of the great benefactors of mankind. I am glad, therefore, to see that he is to be the hero of Mr. E. V. Lucas's new novel, "Over Bemerton's," which

is further described as an "easy-going" romance. That is pretty sure to be the case all round: the book will go easily in the market—unless, indeed, it goes furiously. I only hope that Bemerton will prove to be a rare friend of mine in the Charing Cross Road, or somebody approaching him in the old-world perfection of the true book-lover; and that the man overhead who observed Bemerton was equal, as Mr. Lucas himself certainly would be, to this most proper study. The book will have a "second spring" when it gets to the second-hand market and affords delightful and almost autobiographical reading to Mr. Dobell and Mr. Bain, to the Spencers and Winters and Westalls, to the obliging Browns of Bayswater, to the Rimells, the Hollingses, the Mays, to another friend of mine, "the laughing bookseller" of St. Martin's Court, and to all the rest of the great literature-propagating fraternity.

From San Francisco comes to me a new photograph of the Memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson.

It seems to have entirely escaped the fire that destroyed so much of the China-town near which it was set up, so that it might be close also to one of the places where he boarded in the more haphazard days of his own life and of that very Western civilisation. On the same hill Mrs. Stevenson now lives; but a whole world of differences divides the residential quarter of her habitation from the disreputable region made just possible for Stevenson in the light of his ready sympathies and abounding toleration. The inscription, that survived the collapse alike of lavish dwellings and slums, is taken from words of Stevenson's own. "To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little, to spend a little less"—these have outlived earthquake and flame.

Foreign ecclesiastics have had a wonderful welcome to London of late; but perhaps the thing that best pleased M. l'Abbé was to find on our stalls the books in which he figures to the best advantage—M. René Bazin's. Mr. Eveleigh Nash, during the week of the Congress, produced one of the most impressive of these. "Le Blé Qui Lève," giving to the English rendering the title "By Faith Alone."—M. E.



THAT COCKNEY PRONUNCIATION AGAIN!

TEACHER: What is the French for "to live"?

PUPIL: Vivre.

TEACHER: Now, what's the French for "to die"?

PUPIL: Aujourd'hui!

[DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.]

SIZING THINGS UP.



FARMER GILES: How are that first lot of potatoes for size, Harry?  
 HARRY: Oh, some's bigger 'n others, Sur.  
 FARMER GILES: What's the size of the biggest, then?  
 HARRY: A bit bigger 'n the little 'uns.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

### PALM-TREE POINT.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

DURING two hot months all hands had toiled most strenuously. Now, with the approach of the typhoon season—fatal, of course, to marine surveying—a large section of coast-line and all the neighbouring islands lay plotted upon our growing chart. Indeed, this section of the survey was virtually finished, only a few more angles being required to complete the delicate mesh-work of the “triangulation.”\* The Skipper, as he paced the poop of the gun-boat, was manifestly in good humour. One welcomed this exceptional mood, although its novelty was almost embarrassing. We were running a line of soundings, as we steered for Camel Island, and I was helping him to fix at intervals the position of the ship. Freddy Pomphrey, our Sub, had been dumped upon the island some days previously, to obtain certain angles still required from that “station.”

The Skipper paused in his walk to watch the heavy lead being drawn up to the boom-end by the rattling steam-winch.

“I shouldn’t be surprised if the Government gets defeated over this Franchise Bill,” he remarked graciously.

I stared; then, recovering myself, hastened to agree with him. The Skipper seldom unbent to discuss unprofessional subjects. This political utterance was a manifestation of his exceptional good-humour. Like all commanders of his Majesty’s surveying ships, our Skipper worked (and worked his officers) sixteen hours daily, bolted his meals with reckless rapidity, and resented the hours of darkness. His zeal never flagged; his chronic irritability was due to overwork. Freddy Pomphrey was the only assistant surveyor of the *Gulnare* who resented the Skipper’s boundless energy. But Freddy was young and constitutionally indolent. He lacked that passionate ardour for the work which is the common heritage of our branch. Yet, oddly enough, the Skipper liked him. They had been thrown much together while Freddy was learning the rudiments, for it is customary in our branch for the Skipper to train the juniors.

The Skipper did not speak to me again, except professionally, until we arrived off Camel Island.

“If Pomphrey has got his angles, we can pick up the other officers to-day, and then make for port.”

He pulled a cord, and our siren, wailing like a lost soul, echoed among the rocks. Presently Pomphrey’s boat rounded a point and pulled towards us. The Skipper met him at the gangway.

“Well, have you finished up?” he demanded eagerly. Evidently the reply was disappointing, for a moment later the Skipper’s voice was raised and a storm of angry reproaches burst from him.

The impassive Sub, muttering excuses inaudible to me, held up a brace of rabbits, intended, I think, as a peace-offering. The Skipper seized them and hurled them overboard. Curiosity drew me forward. The Skipper, pale with anger, turned to me.

“He hasn’t taken the angles. He expects me to believe that Palm-Tree Point has been obscured by haze all these days. It’s disgraceful waste of time—absolutely disgraceful.” He turned again upon Pomphrey. “I told you to watch for the clump of palms at sunrise and sunset. It must have been visible at sunrise. How dare you shoot rabbits?”

The waves of the Skipper’s righteous anger beat without effect upon the impassive apprentice. Clad in his old jacket and soiled flannels, he listened with stolid respect to the Skipper’s threats and reproaches. In the brief intervals of the storm, he would mildly repeat that the haze (which nobody else had detected) had interfered with his task. But for the iron habit of

discipline, the Skipper would, I really think, have vented his anger by an assault.

At last the painful scene closed. Pomphrey was ordered below, while the Skipper prepared to camp upon the island himself with a view to obtaining the missing angles. Within half an hour he was ready, and I followed him to the gangway.

“Pick up the other camping-parties and then return for me,” he growled. “Land Mr. Pomphrey at Palm-Tree Point with his boat’s crew and the heliograph.” He plunged heavily into his galley and shoved off.

When I had shaped our course for the point, I went below to snatch some breakfast and to give Pomphrey his orders. I explained to him that he was required to flash with the heliograph in the exact bearing of Camel Island, so as to assist the Skipper to locate the clump of palms.

“Nobody helped me with any flashing,” sighed Pomphrey. “How can the old man expect a fellow to see three thin trees fifteen miles away?”

“In this clear atmosphere, my dear Freddy, you could have got your angle, surely?”

Pomphrey smiled. I really believe that he had wasted the precious clearness of the early dawn over potting rabbits. But I hesitated to give expression to the suspicion. It was not desirable that he should confide in me, or anybody, if guilty of such appalling negligence.

“The Skipper couldn’t be expected to swallow your excuse,” I said gravely. “He’ll probably make out the palms quite easily. Still, you must help him with the heliograph and flash frequently.”

“Perhaps he won’t see those palms nearly as soon as he expects,” returned Pomphrey thoughtfully.

“Well, I hope not, for your sake,” said I.

I was thinking of Pomphrey’s prospects of promotion, which hung upon the Skipper’s reports. Apart from his really scandalous indolence, one could not help liking the lad. The Skipper himself had wished to recommend him for his second stripe. Now, perhaps, this untimely rabbit-shooting would blot the next report to Whitehall.

“You’d better pray for more haze,” I concluded.

Two hours’ steaming bridged the distance to Palm-Tree Point, and I landed Pomphrey before noon upon as desolate a spot as you would readily find on the China coast. A spur of barren rock jutted out from the ragged shore-line, and upon the flattened shoulder of the promontory the clump of palms stood conspicuous against a distant background of mountain range. No village or habitation relieved the all-surrounding solitude. The foliage of the three palms formed the only splash of colour in the prevailing dinginess of the scene. The green heads of these palms had been faintly discernible through the clumsy telescope of our signalman before the *Gulnare* had traversed half the distance from Camel Island; and later the slender stems had been made out, silhouetted against the sky-line. From the summit of Camel Island, and even under the most favourable atmospheric conditions, those slender stems would not be easily distinguished; but, as I judged, our keen-eyed Skipper would readily perceive the clump of foliage.

Pomphrey was landed in a whaler pulled by five seamen, retaining the boat and men with him. He had persuaded me to equip him with a bell-tent and rations for five days, for, said he: “One never knows but a gale may spring up and oblige the ship to run for shelter.” I applauded his forethought and let him have the extra rations, but among the stores which he crammed into his boat were certain articles which appeared to me superfluous.

“You surely won’t require that carpenter’s saw?” I had

[Continued overleaf.]

\* Land and coast surveys are alike based upon a system of triangles, the angles being ascertained by means of the theodolite. This work is called the “triangulation.”

"PAID IN FULL," AT THE ALDWYCH.



Emma Brooks (Miss Hilda Antony).

Joseph Brooks (Mr. Robert Lorraine).

1. JOSEPH BROOKS, THOROUGHLY DISCONTENTED WITH HIS LOT, AND THE FACT THAT HE IS BADLY PAID BY HIS EMPLOYER, CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, TELLS HIS WIFE THAT HE IS TIRED OF EVERYTHING, AND SUGGESTS THAT THEY SHALL SEPARATE.

2. JOSEPH BROOKS, NOW LIVING IN COMPARATIVE LUXURY ON MONEY STOLEN FROM HIS EMPLOYER, CONFESSES TO HIS WIFE AND URGES HER TO GO TO CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' ROOMS, ALONE AND AT NIGHT, TO ARRANGE THAT HE SHALL NOT BE ARRESTED.

3. STUNG BY THE BRUTALITY OF HER HUSBAND, WHO ACCUSES HER OF BEING THE DIRECT CAUSE OF HIS FALL, EMMA PROMISES TO GO TO CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, AND BROOKS TELEPHONES TO HIM.

Joseph Brooks, collector of the Latin-American Steamship Co., is so angered by his inability to get on, that he loses his self-control, and begins to steal the moneys of his employer, Captain Williams. He does this while Williams is away, bets in an endeavour to recover the money, and loses more. Then he learns that Williams has returned and that he has been found out. At once he turns on his wife, accusing her of ruining him by her extravagance and by grumbling—charges that are altogether unfounded. Naturally enough, his behaviour disgusts his wife, and when finally he orders her to go to Captain Williams' rooms, alone and at night, to plead with him, knowing that the Captain likes her, she consents to do so, less that she may right her husband than that she may right herself in his eyes.—

[Continued on page 324.]

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



remarked; "and why lumber the boat with this coil of new rope?"

His explanation had been unconvincing, as I afterwards recalled, but I was busy and let it pass. He needed the saw to cut up firewood—firewood! on that arid coast; and the rope to stay the tent securely in the event of squally weather. I let it go at that, being fully occupied as acting commander of the ship.

I certainly do not blame myself for having accepted this unconvincing explanation. How, indeed, could one have expected a brother surveyor of plotting to . . .

And, after all, I have no proof, even now. The suspicion which arose in my reluctant mind some days later remains to this hour merely suspicion. The Skipper did not share it. Ah, yes, that at least is perfectly clear. I try to believe that Pomphrey did expect to use that saw and the new rope in the ordinary course of camp life.

It is recorded in his favour, moreover, that he did flash with the heliograph. The Skipper repeatedly saw the brilliant beams of reflected sunlight, as he waited day after day upon the summit of Camel Island. Yet—and this is in part the cause of my unwelcome suspicion—the palms remained mysteriously, inexplicably invisible.

That evening, I remember, and again at dawn, there was no haze, but, on the contrary, a pellucid clarity of the atmosphere which enabled one to verify many of our distant landmarks with the naked eye. Haze, the arch-enemy of the surveyor, was commonly due in those latitudes to heat and lack of wind. But during the ensuing four days and nights we enjoyed a light northeasterly breeze and a moderate temperature. One figures the impatient Skipper—that zealous, choleric man—standing day after day upon the summit of his lonely island, peering vainly through the telescope of his theodolite in the direction of the three palms, the work of the survey arrested, as it appeared, by some wanton whim of the elements. No sign of haze, and yet no trace of the palms. In those long days of waiting the Skipper's impotent anger was chastened into rare humility. But I am glad that I did not witness the process, for the earlier stages must have been dangerous to his subordinates. My information as to his moods is merely second-hand, for I was engaged in collecting our scattered parties, and not until the third day of his chastening did I look upon the Skipper's haggard face.

"I was confoundedly hasty with young Pomphrey," he confessed; "I quite misjudged him." This was on the fourth morning. I had climbed the hill, and stood beside our indefatigable commander as the dawn began to break. His instrument, protected by a cloth from the night dew, was in instant readiness for use, should the fates relent.

Up rose the tropical sun, melting the mists, revealing the

mainland and adjacent islands. A wonderful sight, hardly to be painted in words for the enlightenment of those who sleep late in cities. Now, at the very moment of clear daylight, our eyes strained in the bearing of the long-hidden palms, and behold, they were visible. With a cry of exultation, the Skipper whipped the cover from his instrument and began to unlock the clamps.

Nothing remained but to pick up Pomphrey and his men—a welcome task, quickly accomplished. Some instinct must have told him that the missing angles had been obtained—this, at least, was the Skipper's theory—for he came to meet us in his boat, instead of awaiting the ship's arrival at the point. We were still three miles from the land when the whaler lowered her lug-sail and ran cleverly under our lee.

The Skipper received Pomphrey very graciously, lost no instant in apologising for having doubted his zeal, and invited him to dinner.

"I'm really ashamed of myself, Mr. Pomphrey," I heard him say, "for having slated you as I did at our last meeting. I'm quite sure now that you did your best and kept a bright lookout for the point."

"Pray don't mention it, Sir," replied the Sub affably. "A Captain has a lot of worries, and one makes allowances."

The Skipper laughed, and ordered me to shape course for port.

Before descending to the bridge from the little circular platform that surrounds the standard compass, I chanced to look back at the three palms through my powerful binoculars. Something had happened to the trees. I wiped the lenses of my glasses and looked again, carefully adjusting the focus. There was no doubt about it, my eyes had not deceived me.

The once brilliant and graceful foliage had withered to sapless rags, which now hung limply down, almost parallel with the three trunks.

I was about to call the Skipper's attention to this remarkable phenomenon when the sunlight glinted upon some bright object lying in the newly hoisted boat. It was the carpenter's saw which Pomphrey had taken away with him.

I looked back once more at the withered palms, and a suspicion crossed my mind—a suspicion which my liking for Pomphrey compelled me to stifle.

Palm-trees, like human beings, may, perhaps, be liable to sudden death. I try to believe so, but the theory haunts me that Pomphrey may have sawn the tops off and have spliced them into position again after an interval of three days.

A monstrous theory, but it would explain the inability of the Skipper to catch a glimpse of the Three Palms during as many days of clear weather.

THE END.



TALL TALK.

[DRAWN BY CHAS. PEARS.]

FIRST LITTLE BOY: My father's so tall that he can see over the garden wall.  
SECOND LITTLE BOY: So can my father, with his hat on.

## "PAID IN FULL," AT THE ALDWYCH.



Emma Brooks (Miss Hilda Antony). James Smith (Mr. Paul Arthur).

Captain Williams (Mr. Lou's Calvert).

JAMES SMITH GOES TO CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' ROOMS AND FINDS THAT THERE IS NO NEED FOR HIM TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT TO SHOOT THE CAPTAIN.



EMMA BROOKS GOES TO CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' ROOMS, ALONE AND AT NIGHT, TO PLEAD FOR HER THIEVING HUSBAND.

—So she goes to Captain Williams. Williams is a hard man, and he has been hard to women, but he realises that Emma Brooks is not the sort of woman he has known in the past. Nevertheless, to test her, he tries her sorely, and it is only at the eleventh hour that he reveals his true character, and gives her a letter to her husband saying that his accounts have been audited and found correct. Then Emma Brooks returns to her husband, gives him the letter, tells him that she can no longer live with him, and goes away.

*Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.*



## HOW TO SCOUT. BY ONE WHO HAS SCOOTED.



IF UNABLE EITHER TO ADVANCE OR RETREAT, SEEK SOME  
SECLUDED POSITION.



SHOULD YOU DISCOVER A SMALL PARTY WITHOUT ESCORT,  
CAPTURE IT IMMEDIATELY.

PICTORIAL HINTS FOR THE B.-P. BOY SCOUTS, THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN, AND "TERRIERS" IN GENERAL.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE King will pay several shooting visits during his stay in Scotland, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon will be the first host and hostess honoured by the Sovereign. During what has become an annual visit to Tulchan Lodge his Majesty always spends a day at Castle Grant, the wonderful old stronghold inhabited by that most venerable and picturesque of Scottish great ladies, Lady Seafield. Gordon Castle is also within a motor drive of Tulchan Lodge, and so the King's late host at Goodwood will again receive his Sovereign, but amid very different surroundings. Colonel Ralph Vivian, an esteemed friend of royalty, will also entertain the King.

Mr. Winston Churchill as Bookman.

In one sense at least last Saturday's bridegroom is the bookman of the Liberal Cabinet. He has written books, and he collects books. His literary tastes were sufficiently remembered by many of his friends when they were choosing his wedding gifts, one of the first to reach him having been a delightful edition of Walpole's Letters from Mr. Runciman. The young statesman's first war-book was nicknamed in Society "A Subaltern's Advice to Generals," but he has travelled, mentally, a long way since then, and his Life of his famous father is acknowledged to be a model of what a biographical should be. It is an open secret that for that book the author received ten thousand pounds. Mr. Churchill has also a novel to his credit, but in that field he is out-distanced by his namesake rival in America.

The Queen Alexandra is said to have longed always to possess a pied à terre in her native country, and at last her Majesty was able to gratify her modest wish. At the present time the Queen is enjoying a brief holiday in the charming, albeit unpretentious, villa, Hvidore, which was the joint purchase of herself and the Dowager Empress of Russia. The house, in spite of the many additions which have been made to it, is still probably the smallest residence owned and inhabited by a sovereign lady. The gardens are becoming very beautiful, and their distinguishing feature is those plants and shrubs which will grow close to the seashore. The little estate is guarded at night by huge dogs, which are only let loose in the evening.

The Duke of Oporto, who is coming to England to announce

formally to King Edward the accession of his young nephew, King Manuel, to the throne of Portugal, is a handsome, soldierly-looking Prince; he has a long, dark moustache, and in any station of life would be esteemed a good-looking man. He has twenty-four Christian names, and holds the rank of general in the Portuguese army, being also à la suite of a Prussian infantry regiment. His Royal Highness is forty-three, but so far he has not married. His civil list has been recently arranged at about £3200 a year.



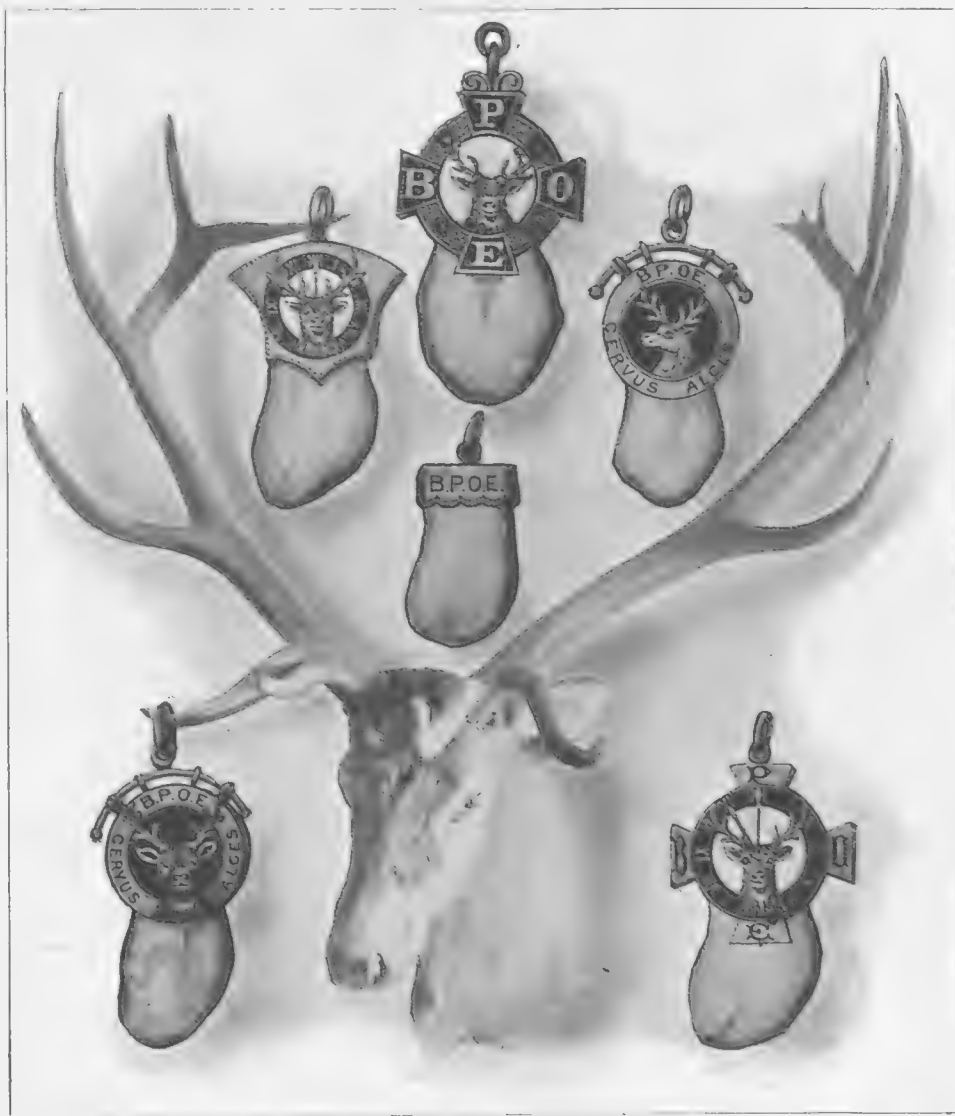
AN ANIMAL THAT IS SOUGHT FOR ITS TEETH AND MAY BECOME EXTINCT: THE ELK.

Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau. (See below.)

A Royal Hero. The Duke of Oporto—who, by the way, is no very distant cousin of King Edward—is a man of great bravery. During the terrible scene of the assassination of his brother, King Carlos, he alone seems to have kept his head. Only a few months ago he rescued three women from a burning lodging-house in Lisbon in the most heroic manner, an exploit which, of course, made him a popular hero. Another time he was motoring with his aide-de-camp when all of a sudden, while travelling at a high speed, the car left the road, and ran down a very steep descent. The Duke himself was terribly bruised, but in spite of that, he rendered invaluable aid to his poor aide-de-camp, Captain Serpa, both of whose arms were broken.

Firebrand and Olive Branch.

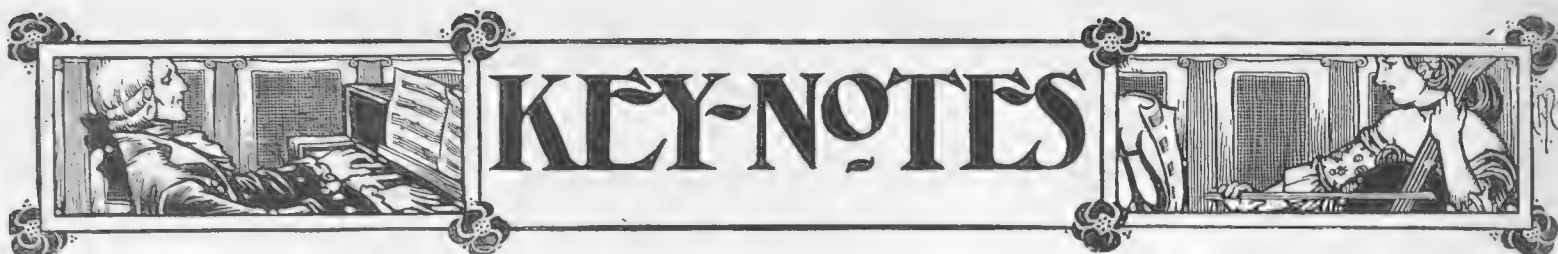
To many of us outside the magic circle, the most interesting event of the forthcoming book-trade banquet will be Sir George Trevelyan's reply to the toast of Literature. It would not be surprising if, when the inevitable reconciliation between the publishers and a certain book club comes about, Sir George were asked to hold the balance between the parties. He knows how to quarrel, but he knows, too, how to forgive. We forget it to-day, but he was the man who killed the Home Rule Bill and shattered the Liberal Party. Mr. Chamberlain's speech against it at the famous meeting in Room 15 left his auditors in a condition of icy impartiality; but Sir George was vehemently uncompromising, and he, and neither Bright nor Mr. Chamberlain, swayed the meeting to reject the Bill. When he did make up his mind in a new direction, Sir George was just as unqualified in his methods; it was he who arranged the meeting of the leaders of the two sections, and it was at his house that the conference took place.



A CRAZE THAT THREATENS THE EXTINCTION OF AN ANIMAL: ELK-TOOTH BADGES.

The members of the Independent Order of Elks, of America, have come to the conclusion that it is folly to kill off one of the finest of American animals that they may wear its teeth as signs of the membership of their order, and it is thought that this elk-tooth badge (some examples of which we illustrate) will be abolished forthwith. So great has been the favour for teeth that, keen as the hunters have been, they have not been able to meet the demand, with the result that a number of imitations have been placed on the market. It may be remarked also that there is a law against the killing of the elk.—[Photographs by P.-J. Press Bureau.]





**M**R. JOSEPH HOLBROOKE recently expressed to an interviewer an opinion that there is more form than melody in modern music. It was, perhaps, unnecessary to state as much for the information of the concert-goer of to-day; but it is as well that a man who is talented, ambitious, and industrious should show that he understands where the national weakness lies. He may even seek to make some concessions to melody in future compositions. His statement is the more valuable because it will lead people to ask themselves why, at a time when musicians are being turned out from the academies and colleges every year with complete mastery over the 'prentice work of the craft of composition, there should be so little in the new work produced on the concert platform that is capable of making a strong appeal to the ear as well as to the brain. Three years' hard work will enable any man or woman of ordinary intelligence to write fluently for the piano or violin, another two should enable them to write effectively for a small orchestra; and this measure of study, or even a greater one, is undertaken by thousands—literally by thousands—who find, when the period of study has passed, that they have nothing at all to say that is not an echo of something said before. In the days when academies were few and far between, the men who had something to say forced their way to the front, and one is inclined to think that the statement concerning the lack of melody in modern music justifies the further statement that musicians are born, not made.

The people who write enduring works are generally imaginative and emotional. Some accident or incident of life stimulates them, and they create a work that is the expression of their joy or grief. They lisp in numbers. Music is as truly a medium for their thoughts as words are to one class of creators and paint is to another. They have their long periods of inactivity, the seasons when the brain lies fallow and is content to absorb what it can while preparing in its own depths the work of the future. No composer, or few composers, whose work is intended to have more than a commercial value will write to order, or enter into competitions to deliver so many pages of manuscript at a given time, or make a rule that no day is to pass without putting pen to paper. Ambitious students, on the other hand, are often labouring under the delusion that industry is all that success demands. If they were digging a field, or mowing a lawn, or brushing a hedge, industry would carry them to their goal; but the Muses are apt to be stubborn, and to resent daily appeals from those who have enlisted in their service. Some of the moderns forget this, and, as a result, give us much that, if not without form, is void. Music will out, and the best one can say of the institutions that have put it upon a commercial basis, more or less sound, is that they will not spoil a musician, even though they fail to make one.

The writer remembers a conversation he had once with a devoted missionary in Central Africa. For many years the good man had laboured in the stony vineyard of Mohammedanism—*emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*. He had much to say of his conquests in the land of the children of Ishmael; he had turned a few from the rare sin of drunkenness, he had made them surrender their children to Sunday services, and, being something of a doctor, had cured parents and children of many ailments. At last we said

to him—"How many converts have you made in the twelve years of your labours?" He flinched for a moment, and then answered bravely enough—"They do not respond much to the teaching, but I have faith and hope." The analogy is not far to seek. For those who desire good rules of musical conduct the academies and institutions are excellent enough, but twice twelve years will not make a musician of the man or woman who lacks the divine gift. As a nation we have produced some really great men in music, but the modern tendency lies in the direction of following the Continental schools of thought and expression rather than in establishing a convention that shall belong to the country and have an individuality of its own.

Writing of Africa serves as a reminder of the mass of music that lies buried there. Every country in the Dark Continent, or nearly every one, has its own music, though there is very little in it that responds to the modernity of our Western scale. Our ear accepts what it has been trained to receive; it is attuned to our accepted intervals and has its own convention by which to judge harmony and discord. It would be hard for even a trained musician to write down anything that would correspond with the strange, untutored melodies of Africa and the East; but the phonograph has come to the rescue of late, and the modern traveller seldom goes unprovided. The Berbers and the Arabs are great musicians after their kind, and in the course of the next few years we may

hope to have some record of their songs, and deduce from them some ordered scheme of composition, for though they may sound like a series of unresolved discords, they seem to give as much pleasure to the singers as the latest success of the music-hall is said to give to the enthusiasts of Margate sands.

But it is to be hoped that none of our young musicians to whom the latest is always the best will seek to improve upon the occasion by founding symphony or symphonic poem upon the sounds that serve these people for melodies. In their own place such noises serve their purpose, and there are those who find pleasure in them, as some in these islands find pleasure in the skirl of the bagpipes, but we do not wish to have a grievance against the phonograph.

COMMON CHORD.



"THE KING OF CADONIA," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, MISS ISABEL JAY AS PRINCESS MARIE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Town of Afternoon Tea.

If I were asked to describe Dinan in a phrase, I should call it the Town of Afternoon Tea. It is essentially placid, sober, meticulous as a cat; and not even the presence of a French regiment or two can give it a rakish air. The pretty villas

stand reticently, like provincial girls at a party, behind their white iron gateways, among their trim flower-beds and gravelled spaces. There is hardly a café to be seen, but the place is powdered with tea-shops and spangled with *librairies*. Literature and tea, it is clear, are the two chief preoccupations of Dinan. One wonders if the gallant cavalrymen consume the afternoon tea and the prudent spinsters of the English colony the latest amazing productions of Jules Renard and Henri de Regnier so as to lend variety to their placid life in the city on the Rance? It is impossible to imagine a dinner-party or a *petit souper* taking place within its grey ramparts. The legend "Afternoon Tea" is writ large on every wall and every hoarding. Confectioners put inviting little tables and basket-chairs under awnings outside their shops. Small boys in white aprons hurry along with covered baskets. Behind shop-windows you catch the pensive profile of a young girl daintily placing cream-tarts on a dish. She



[Copyright.]

A QUIET DINNER AND THEATRE GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

has, moreover, an air of disillusion; one can have too much of cream-tarts, it is clear, at Dinan-on-the-Rance.

### Dashing Dinard.

At Dinard, on the other hand, life is anything but sleepy, and you have only to contemplate the morning toilet of *ces dames*—the muslin frocks, the saucy shoes, the carelessly and beautifully adjusted veils, the jewelled purses, and other feminine fripperies, to perceive that here is a crowd of cosmopolitans in hot pursuit of pleasure. The "society" Englishman is much in evidence at Dinard; an imposing motor-car stands outside every villa and waits patiently at every shop; the Parisian *gommeux*—clean-shaven, dressed in Savile Row, and in all respects aping his English contemporary—saunters by on his way to drink an *apéritif*. The flower-beds blaze with scarlet, the roads are very white, the grass is very green in the hotel gardens of Dinard. It is a place beloved especially by those untiring Americans who "do" the New York season, proceed to the Riviera, go out every night in London from May to August, and then go on to a French watering-place to dine, dance, and gamble the autumn months away. It must be a fatiguing spot to take a holiday in, but boys of forty will be boys, and the Beauties of Dinard know no age, as they know no satiety.

### St. Jacut-de-la Mer.

A long, grey Breton fishing village set on a green peninsula, with blue coves on three sides in which you bathe and fish; one hotel; a score of ugly villas; swarms of blonde, curly children in sabots; an extraordinary number of picturesque crones occupied in tilling the earth and gathering the harvest; a huge white convent in a green garden hanging over the sea; a stone windmill (long out of work) set on the highest point of the promontory, a sea which is sometimes purple, sometimes turquoise, and sometimes lavender-grey; a panorama of islands and jagged rocks which resemble ruined castles: such is the modest but alluring watering-place of St. Jacut-de-la-Mer. Its chief attraction, to be sure, is the Island of Erbihen

opposite, to which the young and light-hearted walk out, innocent of stockings, at low tide: an island with a Celtic tower, and breathed upon by the suavest airs of the whole littoral. And if the Anglo-Saxon race is somewhat inordinately prominent at this little Breton *plage*, it is only poetic justice, for St. Jacut, it appears, was a Cornishman, who came across to this shore and converted the Bretons to Christianity.

### A Féministe Paradise.

Those who like to see women doing all the work and "bossing all the shows," should come and see how we manage things at St. Jacut-de-la-Mer. At my hotel, for instance, all is in feminine hands. It is impossible to be a more efficient, more gracious, or more suave hostess than Mme. Doret. A Daughter of the Gods waits upon us at table; indeed, all the waiters are of the feminine sex, and there is even, strangest of all, a female housemaid. A chef in a white cap lurks furtively in the kitchen, and there is a Boots of timid aspect who ascends from subterranean regions when trunks are to be handled; but, except for these male functionaries, all business is entrusted to the spindle-side. Needless to say that all the shops are kept by women; that the post-office and telephone are in the hands of two ingénues of fifteen or so; that the postman is a sturdy young woman; that females of all ages dig, hoe, reap, and thresh the corn; and that ladies of rising eighty are to be met at every turn carrying bundles of hay on their backs which you would hesitate to ask Hodge, at home, to lift. And last, but not least, are the sturdy and handsome fisher-girls, who go out in their brief scarlet skirts and bare legs to gather mussels, bearing themselves like personages from off a Greek frieze.

### Things which are Different.

It is in the small and homely things that the characteristics of a race are often seen. In Brittany, for instance, I have not seen one single comfortable cat; all are lean, white, square, jagged, with paltry tails, and an eager air of hunting for food. The fat, furry, purring, dozing pussycat of our English cottages simply does not exist: the Breton is too careful to waste milk, fish, or meat on his humble companion. Another quaint characteristic of the French—that is, of the visitors—is that all the baby-girls up to seven or eight are dressed like baby-boys. The children, too, take to politics early, and no age is too tender for them to make their manifestation, to declare for Church or State. Just now I passed two sturdy young Orleanists in socks, waving small French flags and shouting—"Ce n'est pas vive la République, mais vive la France!"



[Copyright.]

A FINE HERRING-BONE SERGE COAT AND SKIRT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

FEW weddings have made such a sensation as that of the President of the Board of Trade. His career has been remarkable.

He began in the 4th Hussars and arrived at a seat in the Cabinet before he had completed his thirty-fourth year. His bride is a lovely girl, and one who makes numerous friends. She has fine family traditions behind her, and seems born to adorn a high position. Her style in dress exactly suits her tall, slender, beautifully proportioned and well-carried figure. She abhors fashion of the fashion-plate order, and loves the simplicity and dignity of the classical and the statuesque. Her preparations for her wedding were hurried, for the ceremony took place less than a month after the announcement of the engagement. They were also accompanied by many interruptions, for she was wanted here, there, and everywhere. Mrs. George Cornwallis West was her help and stand-by through all the stress of the days immediately preceding the ceremony.

Lady Blanche Hozier, the bride's mother, did her utmost to please everybody. The bride's only sister was also willing to help, and did what she could. She is a very pretty little girl, and made a charming chief bridesmaid. One of the bride's uncles is Monseigneur the Hon. Algernon Charles Stanley, Bishop of Emmaus, Domestic Prelate to the Pope and Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. He is, however, an exception in the Stanley family in being a Roman Catholic. Now the wedding is over, and the sensations it created dying out, people are thinking a little of the autumn season and autumn fashions.

Coats and skirts are what will undoubtedly be most worn. They will be in various styles, some quite plain, with single-breasted, tightly fitting top portions and long tails or skirts descending at the back. Others will be elaborately trimmed with braid and with buttons. On Woman's Ways page an illustration will be found of a fine herring-bone serge coat and skirt in the shade of puce which is being successfully revived for the coming season. The braid and simulated button-holes, as well as the buttons, are in dark green. There is a high collar-band and a jabot, giving rather a Hanoverian effect. On the same page is another drawing, of a quiet dinner and theatre gown of softest cream-coloured charmeuse satin, trimmed with lace

and having a scarf of soft black satin over the shoulders and fastened at the waist, thence falling on the skirt in long tassels.

If anyone knows a woman who feels no dread of the marks of time being printed indelibly on her face, one knows either an extraordinarily self-satisfied person or one who has gone through life without experiencing any of the joy of using personal charm. I fancy both types are unusual. This conclusion, I found, was also that of Mrs. Helen Best, who is one of the most successful skin and face specialists in London. To her flock matrons and maids, wives of eminent divines, of doctors, of bankers, all quite creditably anxious to take so straightforward a way as this skilled and talented lady uses to keep old Time's imprints off their faces. Her rooms are at 526, Oxford Street, and there she sees rich and smart patients, who appreciate getting as well treated as in much more expensive quarters, and the quieter, well-bred ladies who prefer the simple ways and open and above-board methods of her system. Mrs. Best gives face massage in the only scientific way it can be given, and is called in to treat patients for celebrated scientific men. She does not treat skin disease, although her success with electrolysis has made her a fine reputation. This she largely attributes to permitting no application to the face when the hair has been removed. The

numbers of women of the upper and upper-middle classes whom Mrs. Helen Best keeps in the fashion of looking always young and smooth, unwrinkled and fresh, go to prove my theory that women do care how they look even when they have had their day. There is always a long, pleasant afternoon ere night comes on.

The colours for the coming autumn season are again of the subtle kind, and I must say are very alluring. There is one—an ash-grey with a dash of red in it, called half-forged iron—that is delightful. Long coats are being made in it to wear with plain skirts the same shade. Ostrich-feathers are being dyed this shade, and velvet waistcoats in the hue are being embroidered with metal threads. Another shade that is being received with favour is a subdued amethyst, which looks very well in dull-surfaced materials. Purples and dull reds will be much worn; in at least one instance I have seen these two vivid hues successfully combined. Velvet will once again be a favourite fabric for coats and skirts, and the coats will be elaborately braided. There is a shade of red-brown, which will be among those in favour, which is at its very best in velvet.

Mrs. Cornwallis West, at her son's wedding, wore a delightfully harmonious dress in a pretty pale antelope shade of charmeuse. It was trimmed with lace of the same colour, and elaborately embroidered, and a very smart hat was worn. Another charming gown was that worn by Lady Gwendeline Churchill, the bridegroom's sister-in-law, herself a bride of last month. It was of cloth of a charming shade of grey-blue, and was made simply and rather severely with some very handsome embroidery round the bodice. A particularly becoming capote was worn, which suited Lady Gwendeline admirably. She is fair, and wears her fair, wavy hair Madonna-like, divided in the centre. She is Lord Abingdon's daughter, and is a Roman Catholic.

Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Dorothea Baird, and their company are at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, this week. On Monday "Hamlet" was produced, and during the week the company will appear in a repertoire of plays associated with the Lyceum régime in its greatest days. Yesterday "The Bells" was given, and this will be repeated on Thursday and Saturday. To-day "Louis XI." will be given, and, on Thursday afternoon

and Friday evening, "Charles I." In all these plays the leading parts will be taken by Mr. H. B. Irving and his wife.

An address on "Inconsiderate Driving," which received the very careful consideration of the General Committee of the Royal Automobile Club at Norwich, on the 5th inst., has been distributed to every automobile club and motor association throughout the kingdom. It is the production of the Organising Committee, who have had the matter under their careful consideration for some time past, and are of opinion that, in view of the numerous complaints received, and the fact that the local authorities are appealing strenuously for increased restrictions and more severe regulations, the time has arrived when strong action is urgently required. It is realised that the real and permanent remedy lies in the hands of motorists themselves, and that action should not be left entirely to the police and other authorities. It is suggested that the best method of dealing with the question is by the active co-operation of the motoring organisations. Every club is to establish an "Inconsiderate Driving" Committee, to deal with its own cases, and, after investigation, to advise the police what action has been taken, and the result obtained.



THE WHISKERED ONE: Am I all right for the Zoo?

THE BOY: Can't say, guv'nor. I ain't a naturalist.

DRAWN BY F. HOLMES.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

IT is to the Kaffir Market that the Stock Exchange looks for inspiration at the present time. Consols have quite lost their former position as leaders of the markets, and speculation in the Funds has almost come to a full stop. Home Rails, for unexplainable reasons, hang upon the Kaffir movements, and Americans are entirely controlled by Wall Street. If the Kaffir activity dies away, there will be profound disappointment, and Stock Exchange men can hardly be brought to see that there is even a chance of the boomlet petering out. The House has had a taste of business, and is athirst for more.

## FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

The sharp rise in Peruvian Corporation stocks has drawn fresh attention to Foreign Government Bonds, and the advance in the Preference issue caused a wonder as to whether there is any possibility of the interest arrears—now over 50 per cent.—being dealt with in some funding fashion before long. The buying of Perus has certainly been of the kind which the Stock Exchange describes as “good,” but of course the earlier buyers can now secure fine profits, and it would be somewhat remarkable if they did not realise part of their gains. Other Foreign Government Bonds are strong, and the market prophecy of Russian Fives and Moscow Fives going to par is quite likely to be fulfilled. Chinese Government Bonds are now amongst the cheapest of the sound securities to be found in the list of Foreign Government securities, and several of the railway loans can be bought to yield just about 5 per cent. on the money. Japanese  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cents. of the First Series are confidently talked to 100, and we think that nobody will be greatly surprised if they go there.

## ARMAMENT SHARES.

There is a general expectation that the Government will introduce a heavy ship-building programme next session, and to discount the effect of this, Vickers and Armstrongs have gone ahead rather sharply. Without laying too much stress upon the before-named programme, we think that the shares in both these Armament Companies are still priced cheaply, and the prospect of a further advance is good enough to justify holders in keeping their shares for a bit.

## AMERICAN RAILS.

Wedge upon the horns of the buyers, the bears of Unions squirm helplessly as they are squeezed more and more at every settlement. Upon merits there is nothing to justify the price of the shares beyond the dividend, which a good many of us think ought not to be paid at the rate certainly of 10 per cent. But the bulls are on top, and the sufferings of the bears, from the appearance of the market, are not to end yet. If Unions rise, so will the remainder of the list, and while politics may be used as a scarecrow pretty frequently between now and the Presidential election, the buyers are likely, it seems to us, to have a decided advantage on balance.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

“Did you sleep in your office all last week?” asked the City Editor, with an attempt at jocularity.

The Broker softly denied the allegation.

“A good number of clerks were at work up till one or two o'clock in the morning on the ticket-days,” observed The Jobber.

“Do they get any extra pay?”

“Oh, well, most firms who are doing such a big business give their clerks decent bonuses,” The Broker answered. “It’s a short-sighted policy which doesn’t make the clerks feel they have an interest in the prosperity of the concern, you know.”

“Is the Kaffir boom going to last?” asked The Engineer.

This is still the principal question in the City. Around the Stock Exchange it has been worn threadbare by perpetual work in the last four weeks, but it continues to do duty just the same.

“I can’t believe the rise is going to stop yet,” said The Broker.

“I believe we are only at the threshold of it,” continued The Jobber, who was meditating a return to his old market.

“The big houses cannot be so blind to their own interests as to let prices drop now, and scare the public away just as people were beginning to come in.”

“New money has got to be attracted to the companies for working deep-level propositions,” suggested The City Editor.

“I cannot bring myself to think the rise is over,” reiterated The Broker. “Indeed, I think we’re going to see real good business in Kaffirs between this and Christmas.”

“I’m told to buy East Rands,” remarked The Engineer. “You get about eleven per cent. on your money at present rates of dividend, and there’s a chance of an increase.”

“As a gamble, yes. As a speculative investment, you will do better with other things,” The Broker told him.

“For instance?”

“The Rand Mines Company has much greater scope.”

“But the shares stand at the equivalent of about £29 to the four-pounds-ten of East Rands.”

“That’s true, only it’s scarcely fair to reckon in that way.”

“How about Randfontein?”

“Present capital, three million. Another million wanted: makes

four in all. Take the shares at two pounds and you get a market capitalisation of eight millions. To yield 10 per cent. on the money annually, the Company must make £800,000 a year, which—”

There was a general shout of laughter.

“West Rand Consolidateds have been largely tipped,” observed The Merchant.

“There’s another of them. Two million pounds capital and a seven-pennyweight proposition. Worth a pound a piece? Pooh! Half-a-crown’s nearer the actual value.”

“You are something of an iconoclast,” The Banker reproved him smilingly.

“Well, there is plenty of scope for him in any Kaffir boom,” admitted The Engineer. “Tips of the most fearful and wonderful description get circulated.”

“But is there nothing that is good?” demanded The City Editor. The Broker pondered the question.

“If you care to look up the details for yourself, I can give you a few good shares,” he replied. “But you must use your own common-sense—”

The Jobber was attacked with a violent fit of coughing.

“What are the Companies? We are all interested,” said The Engineer.

“I’m not giving chance tips,” began The Broker, whereupon The Jobber assured him that nobody said he ever gave anything.

“There is New Unified, a Company with a small capital, no debt, and making good monthly profits that are likely to be much increased. Price about thirty shillings.”

“What else?”

“Ginsbergs, Knights, Wolhuters—these are all worth buying, not so much as gambles, but to put away for the sake of the dividends you will get on them.”

“Dividends be hanged! They are the curse of the Kaffir Market!” exclaimed The Jobber. “Prices were pounds higher and business was far better when dividends were almost unknown. For business purposes give me prospects—not dividends. Dividends be hanged!”

“You should stick to Chartered and Tanganyikas,” The City Editor advised him, as all the others laughed.

“Chartered? I’d rather be a bull and buy Consols than such a fool as to buy Chartered. Tangans. have more chance, regarded as an absolute giddy gamble. But Chartered!”

“Is the Kaffir boom going to last?” repeated The Engineer.

“Ask me a week hence, and I’ll be better able to tell you,” was The Broker’s somewhat unsatisfying reply.

## KAFFIRETTES.

Much of the recent buying has been, it must be acknowledged, of the kind known as “ragged.” Punters have bought with both hands, and tumble over each other to sell when reaction comes. There is always this element of danger to be found in a quickly built bull account.

\* \* \* \* \*

Turf Mines become Village Deeps within a month or two. Village Deeps are expected to enter the dividend list this year, and three Turf Mines make one Village Deep. The price of the former, at about 15s., is tempting, on the merits of the Company.

\* \* \* \* \*

When buying low-priced Kaffirs, it is always well to ascertain first whether the Company is in debt. This can be readily found out, and it makes all the difference.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ginsberg shares pay about 12 per cent. on the money; the mine has a long life, the price is fairly low, and the prospects, as a speculative investment, warrant an increase to the neighbourhood of £2 by degrees.

*Saturday, Sept. 12, 1908.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

FIAT LUX.—The mine is quite unknown to us, but we have made inquiries in several directions, and if any information becomes available we will insert it here next week.

JACKO.—Not much definite news can be expected before Christmas, but work is proceeding satisfactorily, and we look for a rise in the price of the shares, although, perhaps, the quotation you mention is rather sanguine.

TYNEDALE.—(1) We cannot ascertain whether any date has yet been fixed. (2) The general opinion backs Mr. Harriman’s chances of success in the long run.

PETER.—(1) Should sell. (2) Buy more, if you will take a quick profit; they are highly speculative.

KONSTANT READER.—The Debentures you suggest are a fair security, but the industry is subject to such fluctuations of fortune that we should not strongly recommend them. A better investment, in our opinion, is Antofagasta Railway 5 per cent. Debenture stock at about 106, free of stamp duty.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

For Yarmouth, I like the following: Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap, Grey Kilt; Great Yarmouth Two-Year-Old Plate, Adalia; Gorleston Nursery, Lisa; Yare Welter, Silver Bay. At Ayr, Powder Puff should win the Stewards’ Plate; Sandy Acland the West of Scotland Foal Stakes; and Melayr the Ayrshire Handicap. At Manchester I fancy Vic for the Lancaster Nursery; Electra for the Autumn Breeders’ Foal Stakes; and Dinneford for the Prince Edward Handicap. At Hurst Park, the Durham Plate may go to Mercredi; the Autumn Handicap to Angelus; and the Vyner Handicap to Vada.



## Mlle. LYDIA KYAKSHT.

### THE EMPIRE'S NEW PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

"IT is a very difficult and a very nervous thing to follow so great a favourite of your public as Mlle. Genée." It was with these graceful words that Mlle. Kyaksht received the representative of *The Sketch* in her dressing-room at the Empire, just after the curtain had fallen on the performance in which she appears, and in which she executes Russian dances with such exquisite grace and charm. "My admiration of Mlle. Genée," she continued, "is very great. She has a most superb technique, which, as a dancer myself, must naturally appeal very powerfully to me, for I suppose that in every art the technique of the artist makes the first appeal to his colleagues. But there is much more than great technique in Mlle. Genée's art, for she dances with her soul as well as her brains. Consideration of these things naturally tends to make me approach my task in following her as première danseuse at the Empire with a good deal of nervousness, if not with apprehension. Happily, in 'Coppelia,' in which I succeed her, I have already had the opportunity of dancing in Russia, for it is one of the classics of the ballet, and the critics have been good enough to say in Russia that I have made the rôle of Swanilda, the village maiden, my own particular part.

"Two other facts in connection with my engagement give me courage. The first is the generosity of your public, which I have already had the opportunity of testing since I have been doing my Russian dances. I had often heard of that generosity, and was anxious to have it extended to me. When, therefore, Mr. M. V. Leveaux came to St. Petersburg and saw me, I was glad to dance for him, as the season at the theatre was over, and it is through his good offices that I am here. The second fact which gives me confidence is that I belong to a different school from Mlle. Genée. She may be said to be an exponent of the Italian method of ballet-dancing, while I am of the French school.

"As to my career, about which you are kind enough to ask, it is easy to reply. It might be summed up in a very few words—hard work all the time, for I have been studying and dancing ever since I was eight years old, and that is—no, I will not tell you how long ago, for, though I might make the admission now with perfect fearlessness, it might not be so pleasant if you brought it up against me a quarter of a century or more hence.

"Although, as you see, I have spent nearly all my life in the world of the theatre, I do not come of a theatrical family. My father and mother had nothing whatever to do with the playhouse

in any form. When, however, I was a very small child I was passionately devoted to dancing, and I gave evidence of a certain capacity for it. My brother was at that time in the ballet of the Theatre Marie Imperiale at St. Petersburg, which, as you know, is the chief theatre in the city. Attached to it is a school for training children for the ballet. I was allowed to enter the school, which is under State supervision. All the little pupils are not only taught the elements of their art under the best instructors of the ballet, but their general education is supervised by the State.

"For eight years I worked in the theatrical school, going through every department of it, and when I was sixteen I was allowed to make my début at the Imperial Theatre in a pas-de-deux, which I danced with my brother. Happily for us both, it was a great success, and I became a première danseuse. In time I was promoted to be one of the four principal ballerinas. Since my début, five years ago, I have danced, not only in St. Petersburg, but in all the large cities in Russia, as well as at Monte Carlo. Most of the time I have danced with my brother; but here, as you know, my colleague and fellow-artist is Mr. Adolf Bolm, who has a deservedly high reputation in our own country.

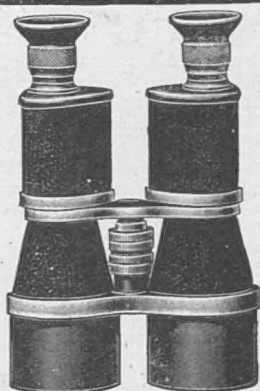
"In St. Petersburg the ballet at the Imperial Theatre is only given three times in a fortnight, but it lasts for three hours, so that the work is on a different scale from that at the Empire, where other entertainments help to fill up the bill. In St. Petersburg, too, the corps de ballet consists of three hundred dancers, every one of whom, in consequence of long and elaborate training, dances practically as well as the premières danseuses themselves. Please understand that I am not saying this in any way to disparage your English methods, but only to point out the difference in the conditions under which we work in the two cities. During my career I have already appeared in between twenty-five and thirty ballets. Among the chief ones have been Tchaikovsky's 'Sleeping Beauty,' and 'Casse Noisette,' as well as 'Coppelia,' which I have already mentioned.

"Anecdotes of my career? Alas! it is almost impossible for me to comply with your request, gladly as I would do so. Such a life as mine has been does not lend itself to adventures, so that I am afraid you must go without your stories; but stay, I do remember one thing which is funny to look back on. One night I was dancing at the Theatre Imperiale; I cannot tell you exactly how it happened—but I managed to dance right off the stage on to the big drum in the orchestra. Luckily, however, I did not lose my presence of mind, so I danced back again on to the stage, to the great amusement of the audience. Your own audiences in London I find very delightful, and I look forward with much pleasure to my appearance with the Empire *corps de ballet*."

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